

The Eversley Shakespeare

KING RICHARD THE THIRD

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2496



KING RICHARD THE THIRD

EDITED

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES

BY

C. H. HERFORD

LITT.D., HON. LITT.D. (VICT.)

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE IN THE
UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF WALES, ABERYSTWYTH

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INTRODUCTION

RICHARD III., from the first one of the most popular Editions. plays of Shakespeare, was first printed, in Quarto, in 1597 under the title:

The Tragedy of | King Richard the third | Containing, | His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence: | the pittiefull murther of his innocent nephewes: | his tyrannicall usurpation: with the whole course | of his detested life, and most deserved death. | As it has been lately Acted by the | Right honourable the Lord Chamber|laine his servants. AT LONDON | Printed by Valentine Sims, for Andrew Wise, | dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the | Sign of the Angell. | 1597.

Seven other Quarto editions followed, in 1598, 1602, 1605, 1612, 1622, 1629, 1634, each apparently printed from its immediate predecessor, except that the Quarto of 1612 was printed from that of 1602. All seven, moreover, contained the name of Shakespeare on the title-page. In the interval between the sixth and seventh Quarto appeared the first Folio edition of the entire works. The title of the play here runs:

The Tragedie of Richard the Third: with the landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field.

The text of the other three Folios is substantially

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identical with that of the first. On the other hand, the text of the first diverges widely from that of all the Quartos, and the divergence is of so complicated a kind that the determination of the relationship and authority of the two texts is one of the most serious enigmas of Shakespearean criticism.

The unquestioned facts are as follows:

1. The Quarto text (called here Q) contains thirty-two lines not found in the Folio (here called F);¹ F, on the other hand, contains about 200 lines not found in Q.² Nearly all these lines, both in Q and F, are clearly genuine.

2. Where the matter substantially corresponds, Q is frequently briefer in expression, less regular in grammar, style, metre, and punctuation; the stage directions are curter, and the dramatic machinery, here and there, simpler—*e.g.* Catesby superintends the execution of Hastings instead of Ratcliff and Lovel, while Surrey, who speaks a line in v. 1. 3 (F), has no part whatever in Q. But the brevity of Q is not seldom more forcible than the regularity of F.

3. Apart from these differences, the two texts show hundreds of slight variations for which no clear ground can be given.

Neither Q nor F thenceforth can claim to be exclusively Shakespeare's work, as regards at least the passages found in each alone. But the variations are sufficiently ambiguous to permit a good case to be made out for the decided superiority of either.

¹ The most important of these are: i. 3. 114; 4. 115-7, 137, 195, 243; ii. 2. 84-5; iii. 7. 220; iv. 2. 102-119; v. 3. 204-6.

² These are: i. 2. 16, 25, 155-167; 3. 116, 167-9; 4. 36, 37, 69-72, 115-6, 222, 266-9, 273, 275; ii. 1. 67; 2. 89-100, 123-140; iii. 1. 172-4; 3. 7, 8, 15; 4. 104-7; 5. 7, 103-5; 7. 5, 6, 37, 98-9, 120, 127, 144-53, 202, 245; iv. 1. 2-6, 37, 98-104; 4. 20-1, 28, 32, 53, 103, 159, 172, 179, 221-34, 276-7, 288-342, 400; v. 3. 27-8, 43.

Introduction

The extremer partisans of the Quarto (*e.g.* Mr. Gregory Foster) believe Q to represent Shakespeare's first draft, revised and compressed by himself, F the same draft edited and elaborated by another. The extremer partisans of the Folio (*e.g.* Delius,¹ Spedding,² Daniel³) regard Q as a more or less mutilated version of Shakespeare's work which F represents either in its original form (Delius) or after a revision by Shakespeare's own hand (Spedding). Mr. Daniel (in his Facsimile Reprint of Q₁) thinks that F represents the authentic theatrical text in use in 1623, the recent Quarto of 1622 being corrected for the press from it.

Neither of these extreme views seems quite adequate to the complexity of the facts. In both texts much must be allowed for mere blundering and carelessness; but it hardly admits of doubt that when we have removed this outer crust from Q₁ we get at work Shakespearean so far as it goes; when we have removed it from F we get at work which retains more of Shakespeare's material in a less purely Shakespearean form. When a play could remain for twenty-five years in the repertory of the company, a stage tradition inevitably grew up uncontrolled by the published texts. It is likely enough that Shakespeare himself contributed to this traditional version by alterations in his own text. But it is quite certain also that much more was contributed by some hand other than his, probably after his retirement and without his concurrence. This editor may have independently emended, or he may simply have recorded changes long established in stage tradition. The ideal aim, then, of the modern editor must be to detect and eliminate the work of both

¹ *Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakespeare Gesellschaft*, Bd. vii.

² *New Shakspeare Society Transactions*, 1875-6.

³ Facsimile Reprint of Q₁.

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kinds done by this ancient editor upon Shakespeare's original or revised draft. Since, however, both the original draft and the extent of Shakespeare's revision are unknown, these sources of corruption can be certainly detected only in a minimum of cases. Hence the Cambridge editors adopted, as a *pis aller*, the practical alternative of substituting in doubtful cases the reading of Q, freed from mere blunders, for that of F; properly preferring the risk of excluding Shakespeare's final touches to that of including those of a hand not his at all.

The chief characteristics of the editor seem to be as follows:

1. He *modernises*. Hence certain phrases and usages in Q, familiar to Shakespeare elsewhere, are replaced by others which had become more current in the second decade of the seventeenth century. Thus *which* is often changed to *that*, *betwixt* to *between*, *moe* to *more*.

2. He *regulates*.

(a) *metre*. He dislikes half-lines and long lines: e.g. iii. 4. 10-12 (in reply to Ely's 'Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind' Q has:

Buck. Who, I, my lord? we know each other's faces,
But for our hearts, he knows no more of mine
Than I of yours;
Nor I no more of his than you of mine.

F:

We know each other's faces; for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine.¹

In iii. 5. 108 he even sacrifices a modern phrase for metrical regularity:

¹ Similar regulations of metre following lines, among others, are particularly obvious in the i. 1. 75 (F₁ *was, for her*).

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Q: And to give notice that no manner of person,

F: And to give notice that no manner person—

an archaism unknown to Shakespeare.

(b) *style*. He avoids repetitions of the same word even where this is stylistically right ; e.g. i. 4. 18.

Q: Methought that Gloster stumbled ; and, in stumbling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard.

F: . . . and in *falling*.

So, in i. 2. 76, he substitutes *crimes* for *evils*, apparently to avoid its recurrence in v. 79, notwithstanding that the repetition has point.

3. He *emends feebly*.

In iv. 4. 41 (Margaret's enumeration of her losses)
Q had, by a slip :

I had a *Richard* till a Richard kill'd him.

F corrects :

I had a *husband*, etc.

whereas the series of proper names in the context demand the proper name here. Capell first proposed 'Henry.'

In iii. 7. 219, Buckingham concludes his feigned appeal to Richard with

Q: Come citizens ; zounds ! I'll entreat no more :

And Richard piously rejoins :

O do not swear, my lord of Buckingham !

Before the date of the Folio, the statute against oaths had no doubt necessitated an alteration of the passage : but it was a poor refuge to excise this

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lively trait altogether, as in F where Buckingham's speech ends with the tame

Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

In iv. 4. 129 a just though somewhat difficult expression is emended into nonsense. Elizabeth is pleading for the free expression of their grief in words.

Q:

Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeders of *intestate* joys, . . .
Let them have scope ; tho' what they do impart
Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

F, apparently connecting the joys which the words 'succeed' with the 'heart' which they 'ease,' substitutes *intestine* for *intestate*.

Notwithstanding the delinquencies of the editors, the Folio text is, however, in a number of passages clearly superior in authority to Q ; whether through retaining Shakespeare's original draft or having enjoyed his subsequent revision, cannot always be determined. Thus in iv. 1. 26-27, Brakenbury's refusal of admission to the Duchess reads in Q :

I do beseech your graces all to pardon me ;
I am bound by oath, I may not do it.

In F :

No, madam, no, I may not leave it so :
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

In iii. 6. 12, where Q has :

Why, who's so gross
That sees not this palpable device,
Yet who's so blind, but says he sees it not ?

F rightly gives *bold* for *blind*.

In the present text the readings of F have been rather more freely adopted than they were by the Camb. edd.

Introduction

Beyond the publication of the first Quarto in 1597, ^{Date of Composition.} no definite evidence of the date of *Richard III.* exists. But it had certainly been on the stage for at least three years, and several convergent reasons lead to the conclusion that it was written in 1593-4. (1) In 1594 was published an old play on the same subject, *The True Tragedie of Richard the third*¹ . . . 'as it was played by the Queenes Majesties Players.' The brilliant stage success of Shakespeare's *Richard* (with Burbage as the king²) probably induced the publication of this infantine production. (2) *Richard III.* is, in Shakespeare's treatment, the indispensable last act of the drama exhibited in the three Parts of *Henry VI.*, and was beyond question written while his work upon these was still fresh. The First Part was a new play in 1591 and already famous, as has been seen, in 1592; the Second and Third Parts had provoked Greene's bitter taunt towards the close of the same year. (3) Shakespeare wrote *Richard III.*—alone of all the plays in which he was undoubtedly sole author—under the fascination of Marlowe's great but alien genius. That spell he had already put by when he wrote *Richard II.* not later than 1594, still more when he wrote *The Merchant of Venice* in 1595-6. Marlowe's scornful rejection of the jiggling vein of rhyming mother wits is responsible for the exclusive use of blank verse. The high-strung intensity of tone, which continually

¹ Reprinted by the Shakespeare Society in 1844.

² Burbage shortly became identified with the part. Cf.—in addition to a well-known anecdote—the lines of Richard Corbet, c. 1620, in his *Iter Boreale*, on the host 'full of ale and history,' who besides know-

ing the very spot on Bosworth field 'where Richmond stood, where Richard fell,' showed likewise authentic knowledge of the play:

For when he would have sayd, King
Richard dyed,
And call'd A horse! A horse!—he
Burbidge cry'de.

Cent. Sh. Pr. p. 128.

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widow, recorded by Holinshed without remark, becomes in Shakespeare's version a master-stroke of cynical effrontery, carried out in circumstances studiously calculated to exhibit at their utmost height, not his statecraft, for his hinted politic reasons for the marriage remain wholly obscure, but his prodigious energy of will and intellect, his Macchiavellian *virtù*.¹ The scene does not advance the action, *i.e.* the career of Richard, in the least; its only outcome is to provide him with another obstacle to be removed; but it contributes wonderful touches to Richard's portrait, and the weak hapless Anne, wedded only to be 'found worthy of death' is not the least pathetic of his victims.

The death of Clarence, again, was, according to Holinshed's cautious narrative, 'by some wise men' attributed to Gloster's covert influence over the king. Popular rumour attributed it to 'a foolish prophesie which was that, after King Edward, one should reigne, whose first letter of his name should be a G.' Shakespeare makes Gloster himself invent and publish the prophecy, and give practical effect to his own covert counsel by quietly procuring the murder. Holinshed's Richard is as malignant and as resolute, but he is more cautious, and he has reason to be so. For he has to deceive or to master the trained political intelligence of England. For Shakespeare's Richard this obstacle is insignificant, for of that political intelligence there is very little to be seen. The 'Citizens' who in ii. 3. timidly shake their heads as they 'see the waters swell before a boisterous storm,' but 'leave it all to God' are not men before whom very great circumspection was needed. Gloster might publish his prophecy among

¹ It may well have been suggested by Tamburlane's masterful wooing of Zenocrate.

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them without great risk of their applying it to his own name, as we know that the people actually did. And they are fitly represented by the credulous Mayor of iii. 5. In Holinshed this farcical scene is a farce on both sides. Richard, immediately after the dinner which he would not eat till Hastings was dead, 'sent in all hast for manie substantiall men out of the citie unto the Towre' and tells his story of treason suddenly discovered and promptly suppressed. 'And this he required them to report.' Whereupon 'everie man answered him faire, as though no man mistrusted the matter, which in truth no man beleevved' (Hol. iii. 723; Stone, p. 374). Even Buckingham was not, in the opinion of the wisest contemporary judges, as reported by Holinshed, taken fully into Richard's counsel until the princes were safely in the Tower; whereas the Shakespearean Richard has frankly confided his purpose while still on their way to London, and is aided by his cunning connivance (Stone, p. 361).

Shakespeare's Richard is certainly Marlowesque in conception and execution. Marlowe's influence is visible in his colossal singleness of make, his transparent hypocrisy. His motives are as unmixed as Tamburlane's, and as frankly disclosed. But the moral atmosphere in which he is set is not altogether of Marlowe. Shakespeare's profounder ethical instinct, his more imaginative discernment of the issues of good and evil, is already apparent in the blending of the classical conception of Nemesis with the Marlowesque idealisation of Force. Innocent and guilty go down with no whisper of resistance before Richard; but his strokes are the instrument of the Nemesis invoked by Margaret's curse. Over against Richard the Titan stands Margaret the Fate; in her presence alone his genius is cowed, his 'angel

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becomes a fear, as being overpower'd.' The fear, silent by day, grows lurid nightly in evil dreams, which culminate in the spectral horrors of the eve of Bosworth. His victims themselves grow clear-sighted in their last moments and recognise the web of guilt and retribution in which they are involved.

Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our heads,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.
Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed she Buckingham,
Then cursed she Richard. O, remember, God,
To hear her prayers for them, as now for us !

(iii. 3. 15).

The significance of Margaret is heightened by the bold disregard for history and probability with which she is introduced. The real Margaret had been (after Tewkesbury, 1471) first imprisoned in the Tower, then ransomed by her father (1475), and had died in 1482.¹ Shakespeare makes her defy a decree of banishment and beard Richard with impunity before his own palace. More nearly than any other figure in the Histories, she moves with supernatural exemption from the bonds of space and time, 'seems not like the inhabitants of earth, and yet is on 't.'

Richard III. and *Romeo and Juliet* were probably in 1594-5 Shakespeare's most famous plays. *Richard III.* among the purely historical plays has never lost this rank, for the unrivalled glory of Falstaff belongs to comedy. Already in 1595 John Weever addressed one of his *Epigrammes* (printed 1599) to 'Gulielmus Shakespeare,' in which he refers to 'Romeo, Richard, more whose names I know not' as famous characters.² 'A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse' seems to have at once caught the

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Literary
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¹ Halle, 301 (Stone's *Holinshed*, p. 342).

² In the original *Romeo-Richard*.

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popular ear and passed into a proverb; it is repeatedly quoted and parodied by Marston.¹ The opening lines were parodied in *The Returne from Parnassus* (1601-2). The ghostly visitations of the eve of Bosworth were adapted to the history of an earlier tyrant in the Latin play *Fatum Vortigerni*.² In 1614 one Christopher Brooke published a curious poetic rhapsody, *The Ghost of Richard III., Expressing himselfe in these three parts*, 1. *His Character*, 2. *His Legend*, 3. *His Tragedie*, and eking out his stiff verses with a Shakespearean phrase or two. The rival company attempted to profit by the attractions of the subject; and Henslowe records two plays on the subject, one (unfortunately lost) by Ben Jonson—*Richard Crookback* (June 1602). It would have been highly interesting to see what the author of *Sejanus* and of *Volpone* made of Richard. Early in the eighteenth century *Richard* underwent an adaptation at the hands of Colley Cibber, which fatally curtailed its splendid exuberance, but remains the stage version to this day.

¹ *Cent. of Sh.'s Praise*, pp. 29 f.

² Churchill and Keller, 'Die

latein. Univ.dramen Englands in der Zeit der Kön. Elisabeth' (*Sh. JB.* xxxiv. 259).

Meadore Marston

THE TRAGEDY OF KING RICHARD THE THIRD

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. A street.*

Enter RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *solus.*

Glou. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York ;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths ;
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
Our stern alarums changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front ;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds 10
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber

2. *this sun of York.* A punning allusion to the 'blazing sun,' the badge adopted by Edward IV. in commemoration of the three suns witnessed on the eve of the battle of Mortimer's Cross, February 3, 1461 (3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 25 f.).
8. *measures*, stately dances.
10. *barbed*, furnished with warlike trappings.

To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
 But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them ;
 Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time,
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun
 And descant on mine own deformity :
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
 I am determin'd to prove a villain
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels and dreams,
 To set my brother Clarence and the king
 In deadly hate the one against the other :
 And if King Edward be as true and just

20

30

19. *feature*, the entire bodily form.

19. *dissembling nature*. Nature seems here to be thought of as 'dissembling' (1) to the world, by hiding a man's disposition within a form that does not express it ; (2) to the man himself, whom she 'cheats' of the form corresponding to his mind.

22. *unfashionable* ; the adverbial sense is carried on from 'lamely.'

23. *halt*, limp.

24. *piping*. The epithet

probably covers a double allusion to the 'weak,' shrill voices of women and children contrasted with the martial voice of men, and to the pipe of shepherds contrasted with the warlike fife.

27. *descant*, comment ; but probably with some flavour of its technical sense in music : sing a part extempore upon a plain-song.

32. *inductions*, preparations.

33. *libels*, defamatory writings.

As I am subtle, false and treacherous,
 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
 About a prophecy, which says that G
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be. 40
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul : here Clarence
 comes.

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day : what means this armed guard
 That waits upon your grace ?

Clar. His majesty,
 Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
 This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glou. Upon what cause ?

Clar. Because my name is George.

Glou. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of
 yours ;

He should, for that, commit your godfathers :
 O, belike his majesty hath some intent
 That you shall be new-christen'd in the Tower. 50
 But what's the matter, Clarence ? may I know ?

Clar. Yea, Richard, when I know ; for I protest
 As yet I do not : but, as I can learn,
 He hearkens after prophecies and dreams ;
 And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
 And says a wizard told him that by G
 His issue disinherited should be ;
 And, for my name of George begins with G,
 It follows in his thought that I am he.
 These, as I learn, and such like toys as these 60
 Have moved his highness to commit me now.

Glou. Why, this it is, when men are ruled by
 women :

44. *Tendering*, having regard ear to.
 for.

55. *cross-row*, alphabet.

54. *hearkens after*, gives 60. *toys*, idle fancies.

'Tis not the king that sends you to the Tower ;
 My Lady Grey his wife, Clarence, 'tis she
 That tempers him to this extremity.
 Was it not she and that good man of worship,
 Anthony Woodville, her brother there,
 That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
 From whence this present day he is deliver'd ?
 We are not safe, Clarence ; we are not safe.

70

Clar. By heaven, I think there's no man is
 secure

But the queen's kindred and night-walking heralds
 That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.
 Heard ye not what an humble suppliant
 Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery ?

Glou. Humbly complaining to her deity
 Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.

I'll tell you what ; I think it is our way,
 If we will keep in favour with the king,
 To be her men and wear her livery :

80

The jealous o'erworn widow and herself,
 Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
 Are mighty gossips in this monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon
 me ;

His majesty hath straitly given in charge
 That no man shall have private conference,
 Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glou. Even so ; an't please your worship,
 Brakenbury,
 You may partake of any thing we say :

65. *tempers*, fashions, dis-
 poses. So Q₁ alone. The Ff
 and later Qq have *tempts* ; Ff
 correcting the verse by reading
 ' this *harsh* extremity.'

67. *Woodville* ; trisyllabic
 (perhaps with the punning pro-

nunciation, *wood-devil*, i.e. mad
 devil). L.

83. *gossips*, godmothers,
 hence (contemptuously) im-
 portant and authoritative old
 women.

83. *this*. Ff *our*.

We speak no treason, man : we say the king 90
 Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen
 Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous ;
 We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
 A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing
 tongue ;

And that the queen's kindred are made gentle-
 folks :

How say you, sir ? can you deny all this ?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought
 to do.

Glou. Naught to do with Mistress Shore ! I tell
 thee, fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
 Were best he do it secretly, alone. 100

Brak. What one, my lord ?

Glou. Her husband, knave : wouldst thou be-
 tray me ?

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me, and
 withal

Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and
 will obey.

Glou. We are the queen's abjects, and must
 obey.

Brother, farewell : I will unto the king ;

And whatsoever you will employ me in,
 Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,
 I will perform it to enfranchise you. 110

Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
 Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glou. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long ;

106. *the queen's abjects*, 'the most servile of her subjects.' i.e. the widow whom he had married.

109. *King Edward's widow*,

110. *enfranchise*, liberate.

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ACT I

I will deliver you, or else lie for you :

Meantime, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce. Farewell.

[*Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard.*]

Glou. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,

Simple, plain Clarence ! I do love thee so,

That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,

If heaven will take the present at our hands.

120

But who comes here ? the new-deliver'd Hastings ?

Enter LORD HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord !

Glou. As much unto my good lord chamberlain !
Well are you welcome to the open air.

How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment ?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must :

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks

That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glou. No doubt, no doubt ; and so shall Clarence too ;

For they that were your enemies are his,

130

And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,

While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glou. What news abroad ?

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home ;
The king is sickly, weak and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glou. Now, by Saint Paul, this news is bad indeed.

115. *lie*, i.e. in prison.

137. *fear*, fear for.

138. *Saint Paul.* Ff S.
John.

O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
 And overmuch consumed his royal person : 140
 'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
 What, is he in his bed ?

Hast. He is.

Glou. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit Hastings.*

He cannot live, I hope ; and must not die
 Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven !
 I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
 With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments ;
 And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
 Clarence hath not another day to live : 150
 Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
 And leave the world for me to bustle in !
 For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter. ||
 What though I kill'd her husband and her father ? ||
 The readiest way to make the wench amends ||
 Is to become her husband and her father : ||
 The which will I ; not all so much for love
 As for another secret close intent,
 By marrying her which I must reach unto.
 But yet I run before my horse to market : 160
 Clarence still breathes ; Edward still lives and
 reigns :

When they are gone, then must I count my gains.
 [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another street.*

*Enter the corpse of KING HENRY the Sixth, Gentle-
 men with halberds to guard it ; LADY ANNE ✓
 being the mourner.*

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable
 load,

If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,
 Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
 The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.
 Poor key-cold figure of a holy king !
 Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster !
 Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood !
 Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
 To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
 Stabb'd by the selfsame hand that made these
 wounds !

Lo, in these windows that let forth thy life,
 I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
 Cursed be the hand that made these fatal holes !
 Cursed be the heart that had the heart to do it !
 Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence !
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives !
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view ;
 And that be heir to his unhappiness !
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 As miserable by the death of him
 As I am made by my poor lord and thee !

3. *obsequiously*, as a mourner.

5. *key-cold*. 'Cold as a key' was a proverb, probably from the coldness of a metal key, a common remedy for a bleeding nose.

10. *Wife*; in reality she had only been betrothed to him.

14. *Cursed be . . . these fatal holes*. So Q₁ Q₂. Ff have 'O

cursed be . . . these holes.'

16. Omitted in Qq.

19. *to adders, spiders*; so Qq. 'To wolves, to spiders,' Ff.

22. *Prodigious*, monstrous, portentous.

25. *unhappiness*, mischievousness. The verse is omitted in Qq.

Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
Taken from Paul's to be interred there ; 30
And still, as you are weary of the weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it
down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this
fiend,
To stop devoted charitable deeds ?

Glou. Villains, set down the corse ; or, by Saint
Paul,
I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin
pass.

Glou. Unmanner'd dog ! stand thou, when I
command :

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast, 40
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

Anne. What, do you tremble ? are you all
afraid ?

Alas, I blame you not ; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell !
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have ; therefore, be gone.

Glou. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and
trouble us not ; 50

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.

O, gentlemen, see, see ! dead Henry's wounds
 Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh !
 Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity ;
 For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
 From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells ;
 Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural, 60
 Provokes this deluge most unnatural.
 O God, which this blood madest, revenge his death !
 O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his
 death !

Either heaven with lightning strike the murderer
 dead,

Or earth, gape open wide and eat him quick,
 As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
 Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered !

Glou. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
 Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor
 man : 70

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Glou. But I know none, and therefore am no
 beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth !

Glou. More wonderful, when angels are so
 angry.

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
 Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
 By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, defused infection of a man,
 For these known evils, but to give me leave,
 By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self. 80

55, 56. This is founded on the
 belief that the wounds of a
 murdered man bled afresh in
 the presence of the murderer.

58. *exhales*, draws out.

64. *Either* ; pronounced as a

monosyllable.

78. *defused*, shapeless.

ib. *infection*, plague.

80. *circumstance*, detailed ex-
 planation.

Glou. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have

Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glou. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing, shouldst thou stand excused ;

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
Which didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glou. Say that I slew them not ?

Anne. Why, then they are not dead :

But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee. 90

Glou. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glou. Nay, he is dead ; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest : Queen Margaret saw

Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood ;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glou. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
Which laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
Which never dreamt on aught but butcheries : 100
Didst thou not kill this king ?

Glou. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog ? then, God grant me too

Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed !

O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous !

Glou. The fitter for the King of heaven, that hath him.

King Richard the Third

ACT I

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glou. Let him thank me, that help to send him thither ;

For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glou. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glou.

Your bed-chamber. *Excellent!*

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest !

Glou. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glou. I know so. But, gentle Lady Anne, To leave this keen encounter of our wits, And fall somewhat into a slower method, Is not the causer of the timeless deaths Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward, As blameful as the executioner ?

Anne. Thou art the cause, and most accursed effect.

Glou. Your beauty was the cause of that effect ; Your beauty, which did haunt me in my sleep To undertake the death of all the world, So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide, These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glou. These eyes could never endure sweet beauty's wreck ; You should not blemish it, if I stood by :

117. *timeless*, untimely.

Anne, misunderstanding Richard's distinction between 'causer' and 'executioner', retorts that he was both.

120. *effect*, i.e. the executive agent (of your own design).

As all the world is cheered by the sun,

So I by that ; it is my day, my life.

130

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death
thy life !

Glou. Curse not thyself, fair creature ; thou art
both.

Anne. I would I were, to be revenged on thee.

Glou. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be revenged on him that loveth you.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be revenged on him that slew my husband.

Glou. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the
earth.

140

Glou. He lives that loves thee better than he
could.

Anne. Name him.

Glou. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glou. The selfsame name, but one of better
nature.

Anne. Where is he ?

Glou. Here. [*She spitteth at him.*]

Why dost thou spit at me ?

Anne. Would it were mortal poison, for thy
sake !

Glou. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight ! thou dost infect my eyes.

Glou. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine. 150

Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee
dead !

Glou. I would they were, that I might die at
once ;

141. *He lives that ;* so Ff. Q₁ 'go to, he lives that.'

King Richard the Third

ACT I

For now they kill me with a living death.
Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt
tears,

Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops :
These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,
No, when my father York and Edward wept,
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made
When black-faced Clifford shook his sword at him ;
Nor when thy war-like father, like a child, 160
Told the sad story of my father's death,
And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,
That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain : in that sad time
My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear ;
And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,
Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with
weeping.

I never sued to friend nor enemy ;
My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing
words ;

But, now thy beauty is proposed my fee, 170
My proud heart sues and prompts my tongue to
speak. [*She looks scornfully at him.*

Teach not thy lips such scorn, for they were made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword ;
Which if thou please to hide in this true bosom,
And let the soul forth that adareth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[*He lays his breast open : she offers at it
with his sword.*

Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill King Henry, 180

156-167. *These eyes* . . . 156. *remorseful*, pitiful.
weeping. Omitted in Qq. 166. *exhale* ; cf. v. 58.

But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now dispatch; 'twas I that stabb'd young
Edward,

But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.
[*Here she lets fall the sword.*]

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler: though I wish thy
death,

I will not be the executioner.

Glou. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glou. Tush, that was in thy rage:

Speak it again, and, even with the word,
That hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love, 190
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths thou shalt be accessory.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glou. 'Tis figured in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me both are false.

Glou. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glou. Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shall you know hereafter.

Glou. But shall I live in hope? 200

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glou. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take is not to give.

Glou. Look, how this ring encompasseth thy
finger,

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted suppliant may

203. *To take is not to give*; Shakespeare deliberately omitted
so Qq. Omitted in Ff. Oechel-
häuser (essay on Richard III.,
Jahrbuch, iii.) has urged that
Anne.

King Richard the Third

ACT I

But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

210

Glou. That it would please thee leave these sad
designs

To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby Place;
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey monastery this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart; and much it joys me
too,

220

To see you are become so penitent.
Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

Glou. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve;
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkeley.*]

Glou. Sirs, take up the corse.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Glou. No, to White-Friars; there attend my
coming. [*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

I'll have her; but I will not keep her long.

230

213. *Crosby Place*; Richard's residence in London at this time, called after its builder and owner, Sir John Crosby, grocer and woolman. It was 'built of stone and timber, very large and beautiful, and the highest at that time in London.'

217. *expedient*, swift.

227. *to White-Friars*. This is probably a slip. Holinshed says that the body was carried to Blackfriars, 'and bled there likewise' (Stone's *Holinshed*, p. 345).

What ! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,
 To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
 With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
 The bleeding witness of her hatred by ;
 Having God, her conscience, and these bars against
 me,

And I nothing to back my suit at all,
 But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
 And yet to win her, all the world to nothing !
 Ha !

Hath she forgot already that brave prince, 240
 Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
 Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury ?
 A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
 Framed in the prodigality of nature,
 Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal,
 The spacious world cannot again afford :
 And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
 That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet
 prince,

And made her widow to a woful bed ?
 On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety ?
 On me, that halt and am unshapen thus ?

My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
 I do mistake my person all this while :
 Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
 Myself to be a marvellous proper man.

I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
 And entertain some score or two of tailors,
 To study fashions to adorn my body :
 Since I am crept in favour with myself,
 I will maintain it with some little cost.

235. *Having* (either a monosyllable, 'ha'ing,' cf. *ha* for *have*; or a slurred disyllable.

245. *right royal*. If genuine, this must be (as Steevens sug-

gests) an ironical allusion to the suspected illegitimacy of Edward's birth.

255. *proper*, comely.

King Richard the Third

ACT I

But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave ;
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The palace.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, and
LORD GREY.

Riv. Have patience, madam : there's no doubt
his majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him
worse :

Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would betide of
me ?

Riv. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all
harm.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a
goodly son,

To be your comforter when he is gone. 10

Q. Eliz. Oh, he is young, and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloucester,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded he shall be protector ?

Q. Eliz. It is determined, not concluded yet :
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

261. *turn . . . in*, shove . . . resolved upon but not yet formally decreed.

15. *determined, not concluded*,

Enter BUCKINGHAM *and* DERBY.

Grey. Here come the lords of Buckingham and Derby.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace !

Der. God make your majesty joyful as you have been !

Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Derby,

20

To your good prayers will scarcely say amen.
Yet, Derby, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Der. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious slanders of her false accusers ;
Or, if she be accused in true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Riv. Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Derby ? 30

Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment,
lords ?

Buck. Madam, good hope ; his grace speaks
cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health ! Did you
confer with him ?

Buck. Madam, we did : he desires to make
atonement

Betwixt the Duke of Gloucester and your brothers,
And betwixt them and my lord chamberlain ;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

17. *Derby.* Lord Stanley was not created Earl of Derby until Henry VII.'s accession. Hence Theobald substituted the name 'Stanley' for 'Derby.'

19. *majesty* (a disyllable).

31. *But now . . . are come,* are just come.

36. *atonement*, reconciliation.

39. *warn*, summon.

King Richard the Third

ACT I

Q. Eliz. Would all were well! but that will never be :

I fear our happiness is at the highest.

40

Enter GLOUCESTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

Glou. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it :

Who are they that complain unto the king,
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy.

50

Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
But thus his simple truth must be abused
By silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Riv. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glou. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.
When have I injured thee? when done thee wrong?

Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
A plague upon you all! His royal person,—
Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—
Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

60

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloucester, you mistake the matter.

The king, of his own royal disposition,
And not provoked by any suitor else;
Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
Which in your outward actions shows itself

47. *speak fair.* So Qq;
'look fair,' Ff.

48. *cog*, cheat.

53. *Jacks*, low-born fellows.

Against my kindred, brothers, and myself,
Makes him to send ; that thereby he may gather
The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glou. I cannot tell : the world is grown so bad, ⁷⁰
~~That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch :~~
Since every Jack became a gentleman,
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning,
brother Gloucester ;
You envy my advancement and my friends' :
God grant we never may have need of you !

Glou. Meantime, God grants that we have need
of you :
Our brother is imprison'd by your means,
Myself disgraced, and the nobility
Held in contempt ; whilst many fair promotions ⁸⁰
Are daily given to ennoble those
That scarce, some two days since, were worth a
noble.

Q. Eliz. By Him that raised me to this careful
height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
I never did incense his majesty
Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glou. You may deny that you were not the cause ⁹⁰
Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord, for—

Glou. She may, Lord Rivers ! why, who knows
not so ?

68. *Makes him to send.* The
understood subject is (by a
change of construction) 'the
king's royal disposition,' not
'the king.'

82. *a noble*, i.e. six shillings
and eightpence.

83. *careful*, anxious, criti-
cal.

89. *suspects*, suspicions.

King Richard the Third

ACT I

She may do more, sir, than denying that :
 She may help you to many fair preferments,
 And then deny her aiding hand therein,
 And lay those honours on your high deserts.
 What may she not ? She may, yea, marry, may
 she,—

Riv. What, marry, may she ?

Glou. What, marry, may she ! marry with a king, 100
 A bachelor, a handsome stripling too :
 I wis your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloucester, I have too
 long borne
 Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs :
 By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
 With those gross taunts I often have endured.
 I had rather be a country servant-maid
 Than a great queen, with this condition,
 To be thus taunted, scorn'd, and baited at :

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, behind.

Small joy have I in being England's queen. 110

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I
 beseech thee !

Thy honour, state and seat is due to me.

Glou. What ! threat you me with telling of the
 king ?

Tell him, and spare not : look, what I have said
 I will avouch in presence of the king :
 I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak ; my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil ! I remember them too well :
 Thou slewest my husband Henry in the Tower,
 And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury. 120

Glou. Ere you were queen, yea, or your husband
 king,

117. *pains*, services.

sc. III King Richard the Third

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs ;
A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends :

To royalise his blood I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Yea, and much better blood than his
or thine.

Glou. In all which time you and your husband
Grey

Were factious for the house of Lancaster ;
And, Rivers, so were you. Was not your husband
In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain ?

130

Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are ;
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murderous villain, and so still thou
art.

Glou. Poor Clarence did forsake his father,
Warwick ;

Yea, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon !—

Q. Mar. Which God revenge !

Glou. To fight on Edward's party for the crown ;
And for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.
I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's ;
Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine :
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

140

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave
the world,

Thou cacodemon ! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My Lord of Gloucester, in those busy days
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our lord, our lawful king :
So should we you, if you should be our king.

130. *Margaret's battle*, i.e. the Lancastrian cavalry. Cf. the second battle at St. Alban's, 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 2, where he February 17, 1461, in which is called Sir Richard. Margaret was victorious. Sir John Grey there commanded

144. *cacodemon*, evil spirit.

King Richard the Third

ACT I

Glou. If I should be ! I had rather be a pedlar :
Far be it from my heart, the thought of it ! 150

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,
As little joy may you suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof ;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient. [*Advancing.*
Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me !
Which of you trembles not that looks on me ? 160
If not that, I being queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you deposed, you quake like rebels ?
O gentle villain, do not turn away !

Glou. Foul wrinkled witch, what makest thou
in my sight ?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd ;
That will I make before I let thee go.

Glou. Wert thou not banished on pain of
death ?

Q. Mar. I was ; but I do find more pain in
banishment

Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou owest to me ; 170
And thou a kingdom ; all of you allegiance :
The sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glou. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with
paper

And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
And then, to dry them, gavest the duke a clout
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland,—

163. *gentle villain*, noble historically antithetical.
knave. The two terms were 169. *abode*, abiding.

His curses, then from bitterness of soul
 Denounced against thee, are all fall'n upon thee ; 180
 And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that
 babe,

And the most merciless that e'er was heard of !

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was
 reported.

Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to
 see it.

Q. Mar. What ! were you snarling all before I
 came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,
 And turn you all your hatred now on me ? 190
 Did York's dread curse prevail so much with
 heaven

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
 Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
 Could all but answer for that peevish brat ?
 Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven ?
 Why, then, give way, dull clouds, to my quick
 curses !

If not by war, by surfeit die your king,
 As ours by murder, to make him a king !
 Edward thy son, which now is Prince of Wales,
 For Edward my son, which was Prince of Wales, 200
 Die in his youth by like untimely violence !
 Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
 Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self !
 Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's loss ;
 And see another, as I see thee now,
 Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine !
 Long die thy happy days before thy death ;

206. *stall'd*, installed.

And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
 Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen !
 Rivers and Dorset, you were standers by, 210
 And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son
 Was stabb'd with bloody daggers : God, I pray
 him,

That none of you may live your natural age,
 But by some unlook'd accident cut off !

Glou. Have done thy charm, thou hateful
 wither'd hag !

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for
 thou shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store
 Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
 O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
 And then hurl down their indignation 220
 On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace !
 The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul !
 Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou livest,
 And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends !
 No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
 Unless it be whilst some tormenting dream
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils !
 Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog !
 Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity 230
 The slave of nature and the son of hell !
 Thou slander of thy mother's heavy womb !
 Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins !
 Thou rag of honour ! thou detested—

Glou. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard !

Glou. Ha !

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

228. *elvish-mark'd*, disfigured by the fairies. boar which figured in Richard's arms ; it was afterwards a com-

228. *hog* ; alluding to the mon nickname for him.

Glou. I cry thee mercy then, for I had thought
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no
reply.

O, let me make the period to my curse!

Glou. 'Tis done by me, and ends in 'Margaret.'

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breathed your curse
against yourself.

240

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of
my fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.

The time will come when thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse that poisonous bunch-back'd
toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all
moved mine.

Riv. Were you well served, you would be taught
your duty.

250

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do
me duty.

Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects:
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!

Dor. Dispute not with her; she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess, you are
malapert:

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.

241. *painted*, tricked out with the signs of royalty.

backed.

241. *vain flourish*, hollow semblance.

247. *False-boding*, falsely prophesying.

242. *bottled*, bottle-shaped; hence hunchbacked.

255, 256. Thomas Grey had been created Marquess Dorset on April 18, 1475 (Hol. iii.

246. *bunch-back'd*, hunch-

702).

O, that your young nobility could judge
 What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable !
 They that stand high have many blasts to shake
 them ;

And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces. 260

Glou. Good counsel, marry : learn it, learn it,
 marquess.

Dor. It toucheth you, my lord, as much as
 me.

Glou. Yea, and much more : but I was born
 so high,

Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,
 And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade ; alas !
 alas !

Witness my son, now in the shade of death ;
 Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
 Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest. 270
 O God, that seest it, do not suffer it ;
 As it was won with blood, lost be it so !

Buck. Have done ! for shame, if not for
 charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to
 me :

Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
 And shamefully by you my hopes are butcher'd.
 My charity is outrage, life my shame ;
 And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage !

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy
 hand, 280

In sign of league and amity with thee :
 Now fair befall thee and thy noble house !

277. *My charity is outrage,* receive is outrage, the 'shame' I
life my shame, the 'charity' I feel is to live at all.

sc. III King Richard the Third

Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here ; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe but they ascend the
sky,

And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.

O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog !

Look, when he fawns, he bites ; and when he
bites,

290

His venom tooth will rankle to the death :

Have not to do with him, beware of him ;

Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,

• And all their ministers attend on him.

Glou. What doth she say, my Lord of Buck-
ingham ?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious
lord.

Q. Mar. What, dost thou scorn me for my
gentle counsel ?

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from ?

O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,

300

And say poor Margaret was a prophetess !

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's ! [*Exit.*

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her
curses.

Riv. And so doth mine : I muse why she's at
liberty.

Glou. I cannot blame her : by God's holy
mother,

She hath had too much wrong ; and I repent

My part thereof that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glou. But you have all the vantage of her wrong. 310

I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid ;
He is frank'd up to fattening for his pains :
God pardon them that are the cause of it !

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.

Glou. So do I ever : [*Aside*] being well advised.
For had I cursed now, I had cursed myself.

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you ; 320
And for your grace ; and you, my noble lords.

Q. Eliz. Catesby, we come. Lords, will you
go with us ?

Riv. Madam, we will attend your grace.

[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*]

Glou. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs that I set abroad
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.
Clarence, whom I, indeed, have laid in darkness,
I do beweepe to many simple gulls ;
Namely, to Hastings, Derby, Buckingham ;
And say it is the queen and her allies 330
That stir the king against the duke my brother.
Now, they believe it ; and withal whet me
To be revenged on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey :
But then I sigh ; and, with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids us do good for evil :
And thus I clothe my naked villany
With old odd ends stolen out of holy writ ;
And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

314. *frank'd up*, enclosed in senses.
a frank or sty (for fattening).

324. *brawl*, cry out at the

318. *well advised*, in my injury.

Enter two Murderers.

But, soft ! here come my executioners.
How now, my hardy, stout resolved mates ! 340
Are you now going to dispatch this deed ?

First Murd. We are, my lord ; and come to
have the warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

Glou. Well thought upon ; I have it here about
me. [*Gives the warrant.*]

When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead ;
For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

First Murd. Tush ! 350

Fear not, my lord, we will not stand to prate ;
Talkers are no good doers : be assured
We come to use our hands and not our tongues.

Glou. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools'
eyes drop tears :

I like you, lads ; about your business straight ;
Go, go, dispatch.

First Murd. We will, my noble lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *London. The Tower.*

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day ?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,

340. *resolved*, resolute.

v. 75. 'The change was made apparently because it was felt incongruous in an official of Brakenbury's rank to discharge the office of a gaoler' (Wright).

Sc. 4. Brakenbury. So Qq.
The Ff substitute 'keeper,' and
introduce Brakenbury only at

So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time !

Brak. What was your dream ? I long to hear
you tell it.

Clar. Methoughts that I had broken from the
Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy ; 10
And, in my company, my brother Gloucester ;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches : thence we look'd toward
England,

And cited up a thousand fearful times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we paced along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloucester stumbled ; and, in
falling,

Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main. 20
Lord, Lord ! methought, what pain it was to
drown !

What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears !
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes !
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
Ten thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon ;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,

9, 10. These two lines are represented in Qq by a single line : ' Me thought I was embarkt for Burgundy.' The Duchess of Burgundy was Clarence's sister.

The s is due to the analogy of *methinks*.

23. *What ugly sights of death ;* so Qq. ' What sights of ugly death,' Ff.

9. *Methoughts*, methought.

27. *unvalued*, invaluable.

All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea :

Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and, in those
holes

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept, 30

As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,

Which woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,

And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of
death

To gaze upon the secrets of the deep ?

Clar. Methought I had ; and often did I strive

To yield the ghost : but still the envious flood

Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth

To seek the empty, vast and wandering air ;

But smother'd it within my panting bulk,

40

Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony ?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life ;

O, then began the tempest to my soul,

Who pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,

With that grim ferryman which poets write of,

Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul,

Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;

Who cried aloud, ' What scourge for perjury 50

Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ? '

And so he vanish'd : then came wandering by

A shadow like an angel, with bright hair

Dabbled in blood ; and he squeak'd out aloud,

' Clarence is come ; false, fleeting, perjured Clar-
ence,

28. This line is only found
in Ff.

39. *vast*, boundless.

40. *bulk*, body.

46. *grim* ; so Qq. ' Sour,'
Ff.

54. *squeak'd*, shrieked. The
word was especially applied to
the cries of ghosts ; it had not
yet become trivial or ludicrous.

55. *fleeting*, shifting, un-
stable.

King Richard the Third

ACT I

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury ;
 Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments !'
 With that, methoughts, a legion of foul fiends
 Environ'd me about, and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise 60
 I trembling waked, and for a season after
 Could not believe but that I was in hell,
 Such terrible impression made the dream.

Brak. No marvel, my lord, though it affrighted
 you ;

I promise you, I am afraid to hear you tell it.

Clar. O Brakenbury, I have done those things,
 Which now bear evidence against my soul,
 For Edward's sake ; and see how he requites me !
 O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
 But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds, 70
 Yet execute thy wrath in me alone,
 O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children !
 I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me ;
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord : God give your grace
 good rest ! [*Clarence sleeps.*]
 Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
 Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide
 night.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
 An outward honour for an inward toil ;
 And, for unfelt imagination, 80
 'They often feel a world of restless cares :
 So that, betwixt their titles and low names,
 There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

64. *marvel*, pronounced these three lines. In 78 it is
 'marl.'

69-72. *O God . . . children ;* 79, 'in return for' ; in 80,
 so Ff ; omitted in the Qq. 'instead of' (the things they

78-80. *For* has a different imagine but do not in fact
 shade of meaning in each of experience).

Enter the two Murderers.

First Murd. Ho! who's here?

Brak. In God's name what are you, and how came you hither?

First Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. Yea, are you so brief?

Sec. Murd. O sir, it is better to be brief than tedious. Shew him our commission; talk no more. 90

[Brakenbury reads it.]

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands: I will not reason what is meant hereby, Because I will be guiltless of the meaning. Here are the keys, there sits the duke asleep: I'll to the king; and signify to him That thus I have resign'd my charge to you.

First Murd. Do so, it is a point of wisdom: fare you well. 100

[Exit Brakenbury.]

Sec. Murd. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

First Murd. No; then he will say 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

Sec. Murd. When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake till the judgement-day.

First Murd. Why, then he will say we stabbed him sleeping.

Sec. Murd. The urging of that word 'judgement' hath bred a kind of remorse in me. 110

First Murd. What, art thou afraid?

Sec. Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant for it; but to be damned for killing him, from which no warrant can defend us.

88. *brief, curt.*

97. *I'll to the king; and signify*

to him; so Ff. 'I'll to his Majesty and certify his Grace,' Qq.

First Murd. I thought thou hadst been resolute.

Sec. Murd. So I am, to let him live.

First Murd. Back to the Duke of Gloucester, tell him so.

Sec. Murd. I pray thee, stay a while: I hope ¹²⁰ my holy humour will change; 'twas wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

First Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now?

Sec. Murd. 'Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

First Murd. Remember our reward, when the deed is done.

Sec. Murd. 'Zounds, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

First Murd. Where is thy conscience now? ¹³⁰

Sec. Murd. In the Duke of Gloucester's purse.

First Murd. So when he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

Sec. Murd. Let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

First Murd. How if it come to thee again?

Sec. Murd. I'll not meddle with it: it is a dangerous thing: it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; he cannot swear, but it checks him; he cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'tis a blushing shamefast spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills one full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold that I found; it beggars any man that keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and to live without it. ¹⁴⁰

^{137-148.} *I'll not meddle . . . without it.* Printed as verse in Qq.

First Murd. 'Zounds, it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke. 150

Sec. Murd. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

First Murd. Tut, I am strong-framed, he cannot prevail with me, I warrant thee.

Sec. Murd. Spoke like a tall fellow that respects his reputation. Come, shall we to this gear?

First Murd. Take him over the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then we will chop 160 him in the malmsey-butt in the next room.

Sec. Murd. O excellent device! make a sop of him.

First Murd. Hark! he stirs: shall I strike?

Sec. Murd. No, first let's reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

Sec. Murd. You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

Sec. Murd. A man, as you are. 170

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

Sec. Murd. Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

151. *Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not,* fortify yourself against the assaults of conscience by thinking of the devil. Another interpretation (Wright, Delius), which regards 'the devil' as 'conscience,' gives a difficult sense to *take the devil in thy mind*, 'seize hold of him in thy imagination.'

158. *gear*, business.

159. *costard*, a slang term for head.

160. *chop*, throw. Ff substitute the more commonplace word. Cf. 'turn . . . in his grave' above, i. 2. 261.

162. *sop*; properly, the cake or wafer floating in the wine-cup which was presented to the bride at weddings.

King Richard the Third

ACT I

Sec. Murd. My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both. To, to, to—

Clar. To murder me?

Both. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,

180

And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.

Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

First Murd. Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconciled to him again.

Sec. Murd. Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men

To slay the innocent? What is my offence?

Where are the evidence that do accuse me?

What lawful quest have given their verdict up

Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounced

190

The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death is most unlawful.

I charge you, as you hope to have redemption

By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,

That you depart and lay no hands on me:

The deed you undertake is damnable.

First Murd. What we will do, we do upon command.

189. *quest*, jury (the abstract is held).
used collectively for those before
whom the 'quest' or 'inquiry'

192. *convict*, convicted.

Sec. Murd. And he that hath commanded is
the king.

Clar. Erroneous vassal! the great King of
kings

200

Hath in the tables of his law commanded
That thou shalt do no murder: and wilt thou, then,
Spurn at his edict and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hands,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

Sec. Murd. And that same vengeance doth he
hurl on thee,
For false forswearing and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the holy sacrament,
To fight in quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

First Murd. And, like a traitor to the name
of God,
Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous
blade
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

210

Sec. Murd. Whom thou wert sworn to cherish
and defend.

First Murd. How canst thou urge God's dread-
ful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in so dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For Edward, for my brother, for his sake:
Why, sirs,

He sends ye not to murder me for this;
For in this sin he is as deep as I.

220

If God will be revenged for this deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publicly:
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect nor lawless course

208. *receive the holy sacra-* to fight.
ment, to fight, take a solemn
oath (attested by the sacrament)

215. *dear, extreme.*

222. This line is omitted in Qq.

To cut off those that have offended him.

First Murd. Who made thee, then, a bloody minister,

When gallant-springing brave Plantagenet,
That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

First Murd. Thy brother's love, our duty, and
thy fault,

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. Oh, if you love my brother, hate not me ;
I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you be hired for meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother Gloucester,
Who shall reward you better for my life
Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

Sec. Murd. You are deceived, your brother
Gloucester hates you.

Clar. O, no, he loves me, and he holds me
dear :

Go you to him from me.

Both. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father
York

Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charged us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship :
Bid Gloucester think of this, and he will weep.

First Murd. Ay, millstones ; as he lesson'd us
to weep.

Clar. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

First Murd. Right,

As snow in harvest. Thou deceivest thyself :

227. *gallant-springing*, full of manly promise.

229. *My brother's love*, love for my brother.

248. *Right, as snow in harvest.* The murderer affects to understand 'kind' in the sense of 'natural.'

'Tis he that sent us hither now to slaughter thee. 250

Clar. It cannot be ; for when I parted with him,
He hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

Sec. Murd. Why, so he doth, now he delivers
thee
From this world's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

First Murd. Make peace with God, for you
must die, my lord.

Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind,
That thou wilt war with God by murdering me? 260
Ah, sirs, consider, he that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

Sec. Murd. What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

First Murd. Relent ! 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life?
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks ; 270
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress :
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

Sec. Murd. Look behind you, my lord.

First Murd. Take that, and that : if all this
will not do, [Stabs him.
I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.
[Exit, with the body.

266-269. These verses, with
274, occur only in the Ff, where
they are consecutive, and follow

263. Tyrwhitt first proposed
the present arrangement.

King Richard the Third

ACT II

Sec. Murd. A bloody deed, and desperately
dispatch'd !

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murder done ! 280

Re-enter First Murderer.

First Murd. How now ! what mean'st thou,
that thou help'st me not ?

By heavens, the duke shall know how slack thou
art !

Sec. Murd. I would he knew that I had saved
his brother !

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say ;
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.

First Murd. So do not I : go, coward as thou
art.

Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Until the duke take order for his burial :
And when I have my meed, I must away ;
For this will out, and here I must not stay. 290

ACT II.

SCENE I. *London. The palace.*

*Flourish. Enter KING EDWARD sick, QUEEN
ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS,
BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and others.*

K. Edw. Why, so : now have I done a good
day's work :

You peers, continue this united league :

288. *take order*, take measures, give orders.

I every day expect an embassy
 From my Redeemer to redeem me hence ;
 And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
 Since I have set my friends at peace on earth.
 Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand ;
 Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By heaven, my heart is purged from
 grudging hate ;
 And with my hand I seal my true heart's love. 10

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like !

K. Edw. Take heed you dally not before your
 king ;

Lest he that is the supreme King of kings
 Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
 Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love !

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart !

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt in
 this,

Nor your son Dorset, Buckingham, nor you ;
 You have been factious one against the other. 20
 Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand ;
 And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. Here, Hastings ; I will never more
 remember

Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine !

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him ; Hastings, love
 lord marquess.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,
 Upon my part shall be unviolable.

Hast. And so swear I, my lord.

[*They embrace.*]

7. *Rivers and Hastings* ; so *Hast.*
 Qq. The Ff have, by an error,
 'Dorset and Rivers,' who were 8. *Dissemble not your hatred,*
 not enemies. In vv. 8, 10 they *swear your love*, i.e. do not
 give the prefixed names *Riv.*, merely wear the mask of friend-
 ship, but become true friends.

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou
this league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity. 30

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his
hate

On you or yours [*to the Queen*], but with all
duteous love

Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!

When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,

Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! this do I beg of God,

When I am cold in zeal to you or yours. 40

[*They embrace.*]

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buck-
ingham,

Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There wanteth now our brother Gloucester here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the
noble duke.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. Good morrow to my sovereign king and
queen;

And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the
day.

Brother, we have done deeds of charity;

Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate, 50

45. *in good time*, opportunely,
'à la bonne heure.'

45. *Enter Gloucester.* So Qq.
The Ff make Ratcliff enter with

him, and accordingly read in
the foregoing line: 'And in
good time here comes Sir
Richard Ratcliff and the duke.'

Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glou. A blessed labour, my most sovereign
liege :

Amongst this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe ;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace :

'Tis death to me to be at enmity ; 60

I hate it, and desire all good men's love.

First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service ;

Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodged between us ;
Of you, Lord Rivers, and, Lord Grey, of you ;
That all without desert have frown'd on me ;
Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen ; indeed, of all.

I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds 70
More than the infant that is born to-night :
I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept here-
after :

I would to God all strifes were well compounded.
My sovereign liege, I do beseech your majesty
To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glou. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for
this,

To be so flouted in this royal presence ?

53. *heap*, throng.

66. Ff here have : 'Of you
and you, Lord Rivers, and of
Dorset,' where the first 'you' is
doubtless addressed to Grey.

67. Here Ff insert : 'Of you

Lord Woodvill, and Lord Scales
of you.' Rivers, Anthony Wood-
ville, was also Lord Scales by
right of his wife (as Halle's
Chronicle states) ; this line there-
fore rests upon an oversight.

Who knows not that the noble duke is dead?

[*They all start.*]

You do him injury to scorn his corse. 80

Riv. Who knows not he is dead! who knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no one in this presence

But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was reversed.

Glou. But he, poor soul, by your first order died,

And that a winged Mercury did bear;

Some tardy cripple bore the countermand,

That came too lag to see him buried. 90

God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,

Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,

Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,

And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter DERBY.

Der. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

K. Edw. I pray thee, peace: my soul is full of sorrow.

Der. I will not rise, unless your highness grant.

K. Edw. Then speak at once what is it thou demand'st.

Der. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life;

90. *lag*, late. *life*; i.e. that his legally forfeited
 99. *The forfeit of my servant's* life be spared.

Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman 100
 Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's
 death,

And shall the same give pardon to a slave?
 My brother slew no man; his fault was thought,
 And yet his punishment was cruel death.

Who sued to me for him? who, in my rage,
 Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advised?
 Who spake of brotherhood? who spake of love?

Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
 The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me? 110

Who told me, in the field by Tewksbury,
 When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
 And said, 'Dear brother, live, and be a king'?

Who told me, when we both lay in the field
 Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
 Even in his own garments, and gave himself,

All thin and naked, to the numb cold night?
 All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
 Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you

Had so much grace to put it in my mind. 120

But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
 Have done a drunken slaughter, and defaced
 The precious image of our dear Redeemer,

You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
 And I, unjustly too, must grant it you:

But for my brother not a man would speak,
 Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself

For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all
 Have been beholding to him in his life;

Yet none of you would once plead for his life. 130

O God, I fear thy justice will take hold
 On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this!

107. *be advised*, reflect.

117. *thin*, thinly clad.

129. *beholding*, bound, indebted.

Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Oh, poor Clarence!

[Exeunt some with King and Queen.]

Glou. This is the fruit of rashness! Mark'd you not

How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence'
death?

O, they did urge it still unto the king!
God will revenge it. But come, let us in,
To comfort Edward with our company.

Buck. We wait upon your grace. *[Exeunt. 140]*

SCENE II. *The palace.*

*Enter the DUCHESS OF YORK, with the two
children of CLARENCE.*

Boy. Tell me, good grandam, is our father
dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Boy. Why do you wring your hands, and beat
your breast,
And cry 'O Clarence, my unhappy son!'

Girl. Why do you look on us, and shake your
head,
And call us wretches, orphans, castaways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me
much;
I do lament the sickness of the king,
As loath to lose him, not your father's death; 10
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

Boy. Then, grandam, you conclude that he is dead.

8. cousins, kindred; here 'grandchildren.'

The king my uncle is to blame for this :
 God will revenge it ; whom I will importune
 With daily prayers all to that effect.

Girl. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace ! the king doth
 love you well :

Incapable and shallow innocents,
 You cannot guess who caused your father's death.

Boy. Grandam, we can ; for my good uncle
 Gloucester

Told me, the king, provoked by the queen,
 Devised impeachments to imprison him :
 And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
 And hugg'd me in his arm, and kindly kiss'd my
 cheek ;

Bade me rely on him as on my father,
 And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Oh, that deceit should steal such gentle
 shapes,

And with a virtuous vizard hide foul guile !
 He is my son ; yea, and therein my shame ;
 Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you my uncle did dissemble,
 grandam ?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark ! what noise is this ?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, *with her hair about*
her ears ; RIVERS and DORSET after her.

Q. Eliz. Oh, who shall hinder me to wail and
 weep,

To chide my fortune, and torment myself ?
 I'll join with black despair against my soul,
 And to myself become an enemy.

15. *prayers* (a disyllable).

18. *Incapable*, without understanding.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence :
Edward, my lord, your son, our king, is dead. 40
Why grow the branches now the root is wither'd?
Why wither not the leaves the sap being gone?
If you will live, lament ; if die, be brief,
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's ;
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of perpetual rest.

Duch. Ah, so much interest have I in thy
sorrow

As I had title in thy noble husband !
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And lived by looking on his images : 50
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
Which grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow ; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee :
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine
arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble limbs,
Edward and Clarence. O, what cause have I,
Thine being but a moiety of my grief, 60
To overgo thy plaints and drown thy cries !

Boy. Good aunt, you wept not for our father's
death ;
How can we aid you with our kindred tears ?

Girl. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd ;
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept !

38. *scene.* This, as well as
'act' in the next line, is used
with reference to the strict
(theatrical) sense.

38. *impatience* (a quadri-
syllable).

51. *two mirrors*, i.e. Edward
and Clarence.

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation ;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints :
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world ! 70
Oh for my husband, for my dear lord Edward !

Chil. Oh for our father, for our dear lord
Clarence !

Duch. Alas for both, both mine, Edward and
Clarence !

Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward ? and
he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we but Clarence ? and
he's gone.

Duch. What stays had I but they ? and they
are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss !

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss !

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss !

Alas, I am the mother of these moans !

Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I ;

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she :

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I ;

I for an Edward weep, so do not they :

Alas, you three, on me, threefold distress'd,

Pour all your tears ! I am your sorrow's nurse,

And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother : God is much dis-
pleased

68. *reduce*, bring (as to a sea).

69. *govern'd by the watery moon*. Elizabeth desires to weep not merely a full sea but a high tide.

77. *dear*, extreme.

81. *parcell'd*, individual, confined to their special case ; while the Duchess' woes include them all.

89-100. These speeches of Dorset and Rivers are found only in Ff.

That you take with unthankfulness his doing : 90
 In common worldly things, 'tis call'd ungrateful,
 With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
 Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent ;
 Much more to be thus opposite with heaven,
 For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
 Of the young prince your son : send straight for
 him ;
 Let him be crown'd ; in him your comfort lives :
 Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
 And plant your joys in living Edward's throne. 100

Enter GLOUCESTER, BUCKINGHAM, DERBY,
 HASTINGS, and RATCLIFF.

Glou. Madam, have comfort : all of us have
 cause
 To wail the dimming of our shining star ;
 But none can cure their harms by wailing them.
 Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy ;
 I did not see your grace : humbly on my knee
 I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee ; and put meekness in
 thy mind,
 Love, charity, obedience, and true duty !

Glou. [*Aside*] Amen ; and make me die a
 good old man !
 That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing : 110
 I marvel why her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing
 peers,
 That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
 Now cheer each other in each other's love :

94. *opposite*, froward.

95. *requires*, demands payment of.

95. *For*, because.

112. *cloudy*, sullen.

Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.

The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,
Must gently be preserved, cherish'd, and kept :
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be
fetch'd

120

Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Riv. Why with some little train, my Lord of
Buckingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break
out ;

Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the estate is green and yet un-
govern'd :

Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

130

Glou. I hope the king made peace with all
of us ;

And the compáct is firm and true in me.

Riv. And so in me ; and so, I think, in all :
Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be urged :
Therefore I say with noble Buckingham,
That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I.

140

Glou. Then be it so ; and go we to determine

115. *spent*, exhausted.

117. *The broken rancour of*,
the wound caused by the rancour
of.

118. *splinter'd*, bound up with
splints, 'set.'

123-140. Only in Ff.

136. *apparent*, evident.

Who they shall be that straight shall post to
Ludlow.

Madam, and you, my mother, will you go
To give your censures in this weighty business?

Q. Eliz. } With all our hearts.
Duch. }

[*Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloucester.*

Buck. My Lord, whoever journeys to the prince,
For God's sake, let not us two be behind ;
For, by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the queen's proud kindred from the king. 150

Glou. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet ! My dear cousin,
I, like a child, will go by thy direction.
Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay behind.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *London. A street.*

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

First Cit. Neighbour, well met : whither away
so fast ?

Sec. Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know myself :
Hear you the news abroad ?

First Cit. Ay, that the king is dead.

Sec. Cit. Bad news, by'r lady ; seldom comes
the better :

I fear, I fear 'twill prove a troublous world.

148. *sort occasion*, contrive
an opportunity.

149. *index*, explanatory pro-
logue, prelude.

151. *my counsel's consistory*,
'the assembly of whose delibera-

tions my counsels are the issue.'
The Consistory was properly an
ecclesiastical court.

2. *promise*, assure.

4. *seldom comes the better* ; a
proverb.

Enter another Citizen.

Third Cit. Neighbours, God speed !

First Cit. Give you good morrow, sir.

Third Cit. Doth this news hold of good King Edward's death ?

Sec. Cit. Ay, sir, it is too true ; God help the while !

Third Cit. Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

First Cit. No, no ; by God's good grace his son shall reign. 10

Third Cit. Woe to that land that's govern'd by a child !

Sec. Cit. In him there is a hope of government,

That in his nonage council under him,
And in his full and ripen'd years himself,
No doubt, shall then and till then govern well.

First Cit. So stood the state when Henry the Sixth

Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

Third Cit. Stood the state so ? No, no, good friends, God wot ;

For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel ; then the king
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace. 20

First Cit. Why, so hath this, both by the father and mother.

Third Cit. Better it were they all came by the father,

Or by the father there were none at all ;
For emulation now, who shall be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.

16. *Henry* (pron. Henery).

John of Bedford and Humphrey

21. *virtuous uncles*, the dukes of Gloucester.

O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloucester !
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and
proud :

And were they to be ruled, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before. 30

First Cit. Come, come, we fear the worst ; all
shall be well.

Third Cit. When clouds appear, wise men put
on their cloaks ;

When great leaves fall, the winter is at hand ;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night ?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
All may be well ; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

Sec. Cit. Truly, the souls of men are full of dread :
Ye cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of fear. 40

Third Cit. Before the times of change, still is
it so :

By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing dangers ; as, by proof, we see
The waters swell before a boisterous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away ?

Sec. Cit. Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

Third. Cit. And so was I : I'll bear you com-
pany. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. London. The palace.

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, the young
DUKE OF YORK, QUEEN ELIZABETH, and
the DUCHESS OF YORK.*

Arch. Last night, I hear, they lay at Northampton ;

30. *solace*, find comfort.
36. *sort*, arrange.

39. *reason*, talk.
42. *mistrust*, forebode.

At Stony-Stratford will they be to-night :
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the
prince :

I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no ; they say my son of
York

Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother ; but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at
supper,

My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow

More than my brother : 'Ay,' quoth my uncle
Gloucester,

'Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow
apace :'

And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow and weeds make
haste.

Duch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did
not hold

In him that did object the same to thee :

He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a-growing and so leisurely,

That, if this rule were true, he should be gracious. 20

Arch. Why, madam, so, no doubt, he is.

Duch. I hope he is ; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been re-
member'd,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,

To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my pretty York ? I pray thee, let
me hear it.

20. *if this rule were true ;* so were a true rule.' Ff 'if his
Camb. edd. for Qq₁, 2 'if this rule were true.'

York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old :
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest. 30

Duch. I pray thee, pretty York, who told thee
this ?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse ! why, she was dead ere thou
wert born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told
me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy : go to, you are too
shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger. What news ?

Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to
unfold.

Q. Eliz. How fares the prince ?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health. 40

Duch. What is thy news then ?

Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to
Pomfret,

With them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them ?

Mess. The mighty dukes

Gloucester and Buckingham.

Q. Eliz. For what offence ?

Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclosed ;
Why or for what these nobles were committed
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Q. Eliz. Ay me, I see the downfall of our
house !

35. *a parlous boy, an 'enfant terrible.'*

The tiger now hath seized the gentle hind ; 50
 Insulting tyranny begins to jet
 Upon the innocent and aweless throne :
 Welcome, destruction, death, and massacre !
 I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,
 How many of you have mine eyes beheld !
 My husband lost his life to get the crown ;
 And often up and down my sons were toss'd,
 For me to joy and weep their gain and loss :
 And being seated, and domestic broils 60
 Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
 Make war upon themselves ; blood against blood,
 Self against self : O, preposterous
 And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen ;
 Or let me die, to look on death no more !

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy ; we will to
 sanctuary.

Madam, farewell.

Duch. I'll go along with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go ;
 And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
 For my part, I'll resign unto your grace 70
 The seal I keep : and so betide to me
 As well I tender you and all of yours !
 Come, I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

[*Exeunt.*]

51. *jet upon*, insolently trample on.

52. *aweless*, no longer inspiring awe. Qq 'lawless.'

54. *map*, picture.

65. *death* ; so Qq. Ff 'earth.'

72. *As well I tender*, as I have a warm regard for.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *London. A street.*

The trumpets sound. Enter the young PRINCE, the Dukes of GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOURCHIER, CATESBY, and others.

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Glou. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts' sovereign :

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle ; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy :
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glou. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your
years

Hath not yet dived into the world's deceit :

Nor more can you distinguish of a man

Than of his outward show ; which, God he knows, 10
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.

Those uncles which you want were dangerous ;

Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,

But look'd not on the poison of their hearts :

God keep you from them, and from such false
friends !

Prince. God keep me from false friends ! but
they were none.

Glou. My lord, the mayor of London comes to
greet you.

I. *to London, to your chamber.* for centuries a title of London.
'The king's chamber' had been II. *jumpeth*, agrees.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his train.

May. God bless your grace with health and happy days !

Prince. I thank you, good my lord ; and thank you all.

I thought my mother, and my brother York, 20
Would long ere this have met us on the way :
Fie, what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no !

Enter LORD HASTINGS.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord : what, will our mother come ?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother, and your brother York,
Have taken sanctuary : the tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld. 30

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers ! Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently ?
If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak
oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here ; but if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid 40
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary ! not for all this land

22. *slug*, sluggard.

24. *sweating lord*. Perhaps

a pun on 'Hastings.' L.

31. *peevish*, foolish.

Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional :
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserved the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place : 50
This prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserved it ;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it :
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men ;
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for
once.

Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me ?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste
you may. 60

[*Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings.*]

Say, uncle Gloucester, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation ?

Glou. Where it seems best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower :
Then where you please, and shall be thought most
fit

For your best health and recreation.

44. *senseless - obstinate*, foolishly obstinate.

46. *Weigh it but with the grossness of this age.* This line taken by itself can idiomatically mean either (1) 'judge it with the blunted perception, estimate it by the gross standard, of this

age' ; or (2) 'compare it with the gross practices now prevalent.' The context decidedly favours (1). Buckingham proceeds to illustrate not the violent acts which throw the proposed illegality into relief, but the reasoning which gives it an innocent complexion.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place.
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place ;

70

Which, since-succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 'twere retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glou. [*Aside*] So wise so young, they say, do
never live long.

Prince. What say you, uncle?

80

Glou. I say, without charácters, fame lives long.

[*Aside*] Thus, like the formal vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man ;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live :
Death makes no conquest of this conqueror ;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

90

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I lived a king.

Glou. [*Aside*] Short summers lightly have a
forward spring.

71. *re-edified*, rebuilt.

76. *should*, would.

81. *characters*, written record.

82. *the formal vice*, the conventional Vice of the Moralities, still not wholly obsolete in the last decade of the sixteenth century.

83. *moralize*, expound. The 'one word' is the common close of the two sentences which convey his zeal and his assumed sentiments, viz. 'live long.'

94. *lightly*, easily, 'are often found to.'

King Richard the Third ACT III

*Enter young YORK, HASTINGS, and the
CARDINAL.*

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York ! how fares our loving brother ?

York. Well, my dread lord ; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours :
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty. 100

Glou. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York ?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth :
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glou. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle ?

Glou. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholding to you than I.

Glou. He may command me as my sovereign ;
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger. 110

Glou. My dagger, little cousin ? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother ?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give ;
And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glou. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift ! O, that's the sword to it.

Glou. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O, then, I see, you will part but with light gifts ;

sc. I King Richard the Third

In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

Glou. It is too heavy for your grace to wear. 120

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glou. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Glou. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk:

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me:

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;

Because that I am little, like an ape, 130

He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,

He prettily and aptly taunts himself:

So cunning and so young is wonderful.

Glou. My lord, will't please you pass along?

Myself and my good cousin Buckingham

Will to your mother, to entreat of her

To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord? 140

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

131. *He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.* The 'scorn' given to Richard probably lies in the covert suggestion that his hump-back would be a convenient perch for an ape; perhaps, as Johnson thought

and as the boyish pun suggests, York at the same time compares his uncle to the *bear* which carried an ape at country shows.

132. *sharp-provided*, keen and ready.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glou. Why, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost :
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glou. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord ; and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower. 150

[*A Sennet. Exeunt all but Gloucester,
Buckingham, and Catesby.*]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little prating
York

Was not incensed by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glou. No doubt, no doubt : O, 'tis a parlous
boy ;

Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable :
He is all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest. Come hither,
Catesby.

Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend
As closely to conceal what we impart :

Thou know'st our reasons urged upon the way ; 160

What think'st thou ? is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle ?

Cate. He for his father's sake so loves the prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou, then, of Stanley ?
what will he ?

152. *incensed*, incited.

The phrase is less disparaging
than in ii. 4. 35 above.

154. *parlous*, shrewd (with a
suggestion of mischievousness).

155. *capable*, quick of under-
standing.

Cate. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buck. Well, then, no more but this : go, gentle Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings, 170
How he doth stand affected to our purpose ;
And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and show him all our reasons :
If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too ; and so break off your talk,
And give us notice of his inclination :
For we to-morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd. 180

Glou. Commend me to Lord William : tell him, Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret-castle ;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business soundly.

Cate. My good lords both, with all the heed I may.

Glou. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep ?

Cate. You shall, my lord.

Glou. At Crosby Place, there shall you find us both. [*Exit Catesby.* 190

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots ?

172, 173. Only in Ff.

at Baynard's Castle to commune of the order of the coronation, while his accomplices met at his house in London to give him the crown' (*Halle's Chronicle*).

179. *divided councils.*

Richard summoned 'all the lords which he knew to be faithful to the king to assemble

King Richard the Third ACT III

Glou. Chop off his head, man ; somewhat we will do :

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and the moveables
Whereof the king my brother stood possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hands.

Glou. And look to have it yielded with all willingness.

Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some form.

200

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before Lord Hastings' house.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. What, ho ! my lord !

Hast. [*Within*] Who knocks at the door ?

Mess. A messenger from the Lord Stanley.

Enter LORD HASTINGS.

Hast. What is 't o'clock ?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights ?

Mess. So it should seem by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble lordship.

Hast. And then ?

Mess. And then he sends you word 10
He dreamt to-night the boar had razed his helm :
Besides, he says there are two councils held ; •
And that may be determined at the one
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,

11. *razed*, torn off.

If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord ;
Bid him not fear the separated councils : 20
His honour and myself are at the one,
And at the other is my servant Catesby ;
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance :
And for his dreams, I wonder he is so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers :
To fly the boar before the boar pursues,
Were to incense the boar to follow us
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase. 30
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me ;
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mess. My gracious lord, I'll tell him what you
say. [Exit.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. Many good morrows to my noble lord !

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby ; you are early
stirring :

What news, what news, in this our tottering state ?

Cate. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord ;
And I believe 'twill never stand upright
Till Richard wear the garland of the realm. 40

Hast. How ! wear the garland ! dost thou mean
the crown ?

Cate. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my
shoulders

16. *presently*, forthwith.

25. *instance*, ground.

43. *this crown of mine*, my
head.

Ere I will see the crown so foul misplaced.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cate. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you
forward

Upon his party for the gain thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good news,
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret. 50

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still mine enemies:
But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it, to the death.

Cate. God keep your lordship in that gracious
mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month
hence,
That they who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.
I tell thee, Catesby,— 60

Cate. What, my lord?

Hast. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on it.

Cate. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepared and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it
out

With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey: and so 'twill do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham. 70

Cate. The princes both make high account of
you;

[*Aside*] For they account his head upon the bridge.

55. *I will not do it, to the death, I will rather die than do it.* 72. the bridge, i.e. London Bridge.

Hast. I know they do; and I have well deserved it.

Enter LORD STANLEY.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?

Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My lord, good morrow; good morrow, Catesby:

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord,
I hold my life as dear as you do yours;
And never in my life, I do protest,
Was it more precious to me than 'tis now:
Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode
from London,
Were jocund, and supposed their state was sure,
And they indeed had no cause to mistrust;
But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt:
Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is
spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you. Wot you
what, my lord?

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded.

78. *several*, distinct, divided.

91. *the day is spent*. This is only in Ff. 'Spent' has been explained as 'advanced,' 'far spent'; the scene, which opened at 4 A.M. (v. 5), closing before 'dinner-time,' i.e. 11-12 (v. 122).

But the passage, as Camb. edd. observe, looks suspiciously like an attempt of the editors of F₁ to amend the metre of Qq, which have: 'But come, my lord, shall we to the Tower?'

92. *have with you*, come along.

King Richard the Third ACT III

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear
their heads
Than some that have accused them wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let us away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before ; I'll talk with this good
fellow. *[Exeunt Stanley and Catesby.]*
How now, sirrah ! how goes the world with thee ?

Purs. The better that your lordship please to
ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now 100
Than when I met thee last where now we meet :
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies ;
But now, I tell thee—keep it to thyself—
'This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than e'er I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good
content !

Hast. Gramercy, fellow : there, drink that for
me. *[Throws him his purse.]*

Purs. God save your lordship ! *[Exit.]*

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord ; I am glad to see
your honour. 110

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my
heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise ;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you.
[He whispers in his ear.]

94. *for their truth*, in respect
of their loyalty.

96. *pursuivant*, attendant or
follower of a herald.

103. *suggestion*, instigation.

112. *exercise*, exposition of
Scripture or other religious office.

113. *content*, pay.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain?

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,

Those men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I shall not stay: 120
I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. 'Tis like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. [*Aside*] And supper too, although thou know'st it not.

Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Pomfret Castle.*

Enter SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF, *with halberds, carrying* RIVERS, GREY, *and* VAUGHAN *to death.*

Rat. Come, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this:
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God keep the prince from all the pack of you!

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaug. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Dispatch; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,

116. *no shriving work*, none for which shriving is needed.

Fatal and ominous to noble peers ! 10
 Within the guilty closure of thy walls
 Richard the second here was hack'd to death ;
 And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
 We give thee up our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fall'n upon our
 heads,
 For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then cursed she Hastings, then cursed she
 Buckingham,
 Then cursed she Richard. O, remember, God,
 To hear her prayers for them, as now for us !
 And for my sister and her princely sons, 20
 Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
 Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

Rat. Make haste ; the hour of death is expiate.

Riv. Come, Grey, come, Vaughan, let us all
 embrace :
 And take our leave, until we meet in heaven.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Tower of London.*

Enter BUCKINGHAM, DERBY, HASTINGS, *the*
 BISHOP OF ELY, RATCLIFF, LOVEL, *with*
others, and take their seats at a table.

Hast. My lords, at once : the cause why we
 are met
 Is, to determine of the coronation.

In God's name, speak : when is the royal day ?

Buck. Are all things fitting for that royal time ?

23. <i>expiate</i> , complete. So	1. <i>at once</i> , in a word.
F ₁ only. The other Ff 'now	4. <i>Are all things fitting</i> ; so
expired.' Qq 'the limit of your	Qq. 'Is all things ready' Ff,
lives is out.'	to suit Derby's reply.

Der. It is, and wants but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow, then, I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind
herein?

Who is most inward with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know
his mind.

Buck. Who, I, my lord! we know each other's
faces,

10

But for our hearts, he knows no more of mine,
Than I of yours;

Nor I no more of his, than you of mine.

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me
well;

But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd

His gracious pleasure any way therein:

But you, my noble lords, may name the time;

And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,

20

Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Ely. Now in good time, here comes the duke
himself.

Glou. My noble lords and cousins all, good
morrow.

I have been long a sleeper; but, I hope,

My absence doth neglect no great designs,

Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had not you come upon your cue, my
lord,

William Lord Hastings had pronounced your
part,—

25. *neglect*, cause the neglect of. very moment when it was his part

27. *upon your cue*, i.e. at the to speak.

King Richard the Third ACT III

I mean, your voice,—for crowning of the king.

Glou. Than my Lord Hastings no man might
be bolder ;

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

Hast. I thank your grace.

Glou. My lord of Ely !

Ely. My lord ?

Glou. When I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there :
I do beseech you send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my
heart. *[Exit.*

Glou. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.
[Drawing him aside.

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
As he will lose his head ere give consent
His master's son, as worshipful he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw you hence, my lord, I'll follow
you. *[Exit Gloucester, Buckingham following.*

Der. We have not yet set down this day of
triumph.

To-morrow, in mine opinion, is too sudden ;
For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter BISHOP OF ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord protector ? I have sent
for these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth
to-day ;

There's some conceit or other likes him well,

41. *worshipful*, obsequiously.

47. *prolong'd*, postponed.

50. *smooth* ; the adverbial

termination of 'cheerfully' is
understood with both adjectives.

51. *conceit*, idea, project.

When he doth bid good morrow with such a spirit.
 I think there's never a man in Christendom
 That can less hide his love or hate than he ;
 For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Der. What of his heart perceive you in his face
 By any likelihood he show'd to-day ?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is
 offended ;

For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Der. I pray God he be not, I say.

60

Re-enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Glou. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
 That do conspire my death with devilish plots
 Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd
 Upon my body with their hellish charms ?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my
 lord,
 Makes me most forward in this noble presence
 To doom the offenders, whatsoever they be :
 I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glou. Then be your eyes the witness of this
 ill :

See how I am bewitch'd ; behold mine arm
 Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up :
 And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch
 Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,
 That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

70

Hast. If they have done this thing, my gracious
 lord,—

Glou. If ! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
 Tellest thou me of 'ifs' ? Thou art a traitor :
 Off with his head ! Now, by Saint Paul I swear,
 I will not dine until I see the same.

57. *likelihood*, sign, indication from which anything can be plausibly inferred.

Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done : 80
The rest, that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt all but Hastings, Ratcliff, and Lovel.*
Hast. Woe, woe for England ! not a whit for
me ;

For I, too fond, might have prevented this.
Stanley did dream the boar did raze his helm ;
But I disdain'd it, and did scorn to fly :
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And startled, when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O, now I want the priest that spake to me :
I now repent I told the pursuivant, 90
As 'twere triúmphing at mine enemies,
How they at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.

O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head !

Rat. Dispatch, my lord ; the duke would be at
dinner :

Make a short shrift ; he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !
Who builds his hopes in air of your good looks, 100
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,

80. So Ff. In the Qq Lovel and Ratcliff are not mentioned, Richard merely bids 'some see it done' ; in the following stage direction Catesby 'remains' with Hastings, and Lovel's part is omitted. It is clear that Shakespeare substituted Catesby in order to do away with the anomalous appearance of Ratcliff at Pomfret (iii. 3.) and London on the same day ; but the change involved him in in-

consistencies (cf. iii. 5. 13) which were not completely removed. Ff probably retain the original version.

84. *raze*, tear away.

86. *foot-cloth horse*, a horse with a 'foot-cloth' or long cloth hangings under the saddle, used chiefly for riding in state.

87. *startled*, started.

98. *momentary*, brief as a moment.

sc. v King Richard the Third

Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch; 'tis bootless to
exclaim.

Hast. O bloody Richard! miserable England!
I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block; bear him my head:
They smile at me that shortly shall be dead.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Tower-walls.*

*Enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rotten
armour, marvellous ill-favoured.*

Glou. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and
change thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin again, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time, to grace my stratagems.
But what, is Catesby gone?

10

Glou. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Mayor and CATESBY.

Buck. Lord mayor,—

8. *Intending*, pretending.

13. *Enter the Mayor and
Catesby.* So Ff. In Qq Catesby
enters after v. 20, though

Gloucester has at v. 17 said
'Catesby, o'erlook the wall.' In
Ff it is Lovel and Ratcliff who
here enter with Hastings' head.

Glou. Look to the drawbridge there !

Buck. Hark ! a drum.

Glou. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent—

Glou. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocency defend and guard us !

Glou. Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliff and Lovel. 20

Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS' head.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glou. So dear I loved the man, that I must weep.

I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breathed upon this earth a Christian ;
Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts :
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted, 30
I mean, his conversation with Shore's wife,
He lived from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor
That ever lived.

Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Were't not that, by great preservation,
We live to tell it you, the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloucester ?

May. What, had he so ? 40

30. *omitted*, excepted.

31. *conversation*, intercourse.

32. *from all attainder of*

suspect, free from all taint of suspicion.

Glou. What, think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death,
But that the éxtreme peril of the case,
The peace of England and our persons' safety,
Enforced us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! he deserved his
death;
And you my good lords, both have well pro-
ceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
I never look'd for better at his hands, 50
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore.

Glou. Yet had not we determined he should
die,
Until your lordship came to see his death;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Somewhat against our meaning, have prevented:
Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treason;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who haply may 60
Misconster us in him and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's word
shall serve,
As well as I had seen and heard him speak:
And doubt you not, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this cause.

Glou. And to that end we wish'd your lordship
here,
To avoid the carping censures of the world.

50, 51. These lines, together with the whole of the following speech, the Ff give to Bucking-

ham.

55. *prevented*, forestalled.

61. *Misconster*, misconstrue.

Buck. But since you come too late of our intents,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend : 70
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[Exit Mayor.]

Glou. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post :
There, at your meet'st advantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children :
Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown ; meaning indeed his house,
Which, by the sign thereof, was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury, 80
And bestial appetite in change of lust ;
Which stretched to their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his lustful eye or savage heart,
Without control, listed to make his prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that unsatiate Edward, noble York
My princely father then had wars in France ;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot ; 90
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father :
But touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off ;
Because you know, my lord, my mother lives.

Buck. Fear not, my lord, I'll play the orator
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself : and so, my lord, adieu.

Glou. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's
Castle ;

69. *too late of*, too late for.

74. *advantage*, opportunity.

75. *Infer*, allege.

80. *luxury*, lust.

84. *listed*, longed.

98. *Baynard's Castle* ; the residence of Richard, Duke of York, on the north bank of the Thames, between Paul's Wharf and Blackfriars.

Where you shall find me well accompanied
 With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops. 100

Buck. I go ; and towards three or four o'clock
 Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.

[*Exit.*

Glou. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor
 Shaw ;

[*To Cate.*] Go thou to Friar Penker ; bid them both
 Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.

[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

Now will I in, to take some privy order,
 To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight ;
 And to give notice, that no manner of person
 At any time have recourse unto the princes. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The same. A street.*

Enter a Scrivener, with a paper in his hand.

Scriv. This is the indictment of the good Lord
 Hastings ;

Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
 That it may be this day read o'er in Paul's.
 And mark how well the sequel hangs together :
 Eleven hours I spent to write it over,
 For yesternight by Catesby was it brought me ;
 The precedent was full as long a-doing :
 And yet within these five hours lived Lord
 Hastings,
 Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.

103. Doctor John Shaw was an influential preacher, brother of the Mayor.

104. Friar Penker was Provincial of the Austin friars.

106. *take some privy order*, take secret measures.

108. *Ff* regulate the metre by reading 'no manner men,' an archaism foreign to Shakespeare.

7. *The precedent*, the original document.

9. *Untainted*, unaccused.

Here's a good world the while! Why who's so
gross,

10

That seeth not this palpable device?

Yet who's so bold, but says he sees it not?

Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,

When such bad dealing must be seen in thought.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII. *Baynard's Castle.*

*Enter GLOUCESTER and BUCKINGHAM, at
several doors.*

Glou. How now, my lord, what say the citizens?

Buck. Now, by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum and speak not a word.

Glou. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's
children?

Buck. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,
And his contract by deputy in France;
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France,
And his resemblance, being not like the duke:
Withal I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for the purpose
Untouch'd, or slightly handled, in discourse:

10

11. *seeth not*; so Camb. edd. 12. *bold*; so Ff, for *blind*
for 'sees not' Qq. 'Cannot see' Qq.
Ff. 11. Only in Ff.

And when mine oratory grew to an end,
 I bid them that did love their country's good
 Cry 'God save Richard, England's royal king!'

Glou. Ah! and did they so?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a
 word;

But, like dumb statuës or breathing stones,
 Gazed each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
 Which when I saw, I reprehended them;
 And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful silence:
 His answer was, the people were not wont
 To be spoke to but by the recorder.

Then he was urged to tell my tale again,
 'Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd;'
 But nothing spake in warrant from himself.

When he had done, some followers of mine own,
 At the lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their
 caps,

And some ten voices cried 'God save King
 Richard!'

And thus I took the vantage of those few,
 'Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,' quoth I;
 'This general applause and loving shout
 Argues your wisdoms and your love to Richard:'
 And even here brake off, and came away.

Glou. What tongueless blocks were they! would
 they not speak?

Buck. No, by my troth, my lord.

Glou. Will not the mayor then and his brethren
 come?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand: intend
 some fear;

Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit:

25. *statuës*, 'statues' Qq Ff. stones save that they breathed.

ib. *breathing stones*, i.e. 43. Omitted in Ff, probably
 by accident.

King Richard the Third ACT III

And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
 And stand betwixt two churchmen, good my lord ;
 For on that ground I 'll build a holy descant :
 And be not easily won to our request : 50
 Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it.

Glou. I go ; and if you plead as well for them
 As I can say nay to thee for myself,
 No doubt we 'll bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads ; the lord mayor
 knocks. [Exit Gloucester.

Enter the Mayor and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord : I dance attendance here ;
 I think the duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter CATESBY.

Here comes his servant : how now, Catesby,
 What says he ? *Not a interesting*

Cate. My lord, he doth entreat your grace
 To visit him to-morrow or next day : 60
 He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
 Divinely bent to meditation ;
 And in no worldly suit would he be moved,
 To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to thy lord again ;
 Tell him, myself, the mayor and citizens,
 In deep designs and matters of great moment,
 No less importing than our general good,
 Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Cate. I 'll tell him what you say, my lord. 70
[Exit.

Buck. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an
 Edward !

He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,

49. 'I will sing an accom- upon, that theme.'
 paniment to, build a discourse 72. day-bed, couch.

But on his knees at meditation ;
 Not dallying with a brace of courtezans,
 But meditating with two deep divines ;
 Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
 But praying, to enrich his watchful soul :
 Happy were England, would this gracious prince
 Take on himself the sovereignty thereof :
 But, sure, I fear, we shall ne'er win him to it.

80

May. Marry, God forbid his grace should say
 us nay !

Buck. I fear he will.

Re-enter CATESBY.

How now, Catesby, what says your lord ?

Cate.

My lord,

He wonders to what end you have assembled
 Such troops of citizens to speak with him,
 His grace not being warn'd thereof before :
 My lord, he fears you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
 Suspect me, that I mean no good to him :
 By heaven, I come in perfect love to him ;
 And so once more return and tell his grace.

90

[*Exit Catesby.*

When holy and devout religious men
 Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,
 So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOUCESTER aloft, between two Bishops.
CATESBY returns.

May. See, where he stands between two
 clergymen !

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian
 prince,
 To stay him from the fall of vanity :

76. *engross, pamper.*

And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,
 True ornament to know a holy man.
 Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince, 100
 Lend favourable ears to our request ;
 And pardon us the interruption
 Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Glou. My lord, there needs no such apology :
 I rather do beseech you pardon me,
 Who, earnest in the service of my God,
 Neglect the visitation of my friends.
 But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God
 above,
 And all good men of this ungovern'd isle. 110

Glou. I do suspect I have done some offence
 That seems disgracious in the city's eyes,
 And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord : would it might please
 your grace,
 At our entreaties, to amend that fault !

Glou. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian
 land?

Buck. Then know, it is your fault that you
 resign

The supreme seat, the throne majestic,
 The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
 Your state of fortune and your due of birth, 120
 The lineal glory of your royal house,
 To the corruption of a blemish'd stock :
 Whilst, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
 Which here we waken to our country's good,
 This noble isle doth want her proper limbs ;
 Her face defaced with scars of infamy,

98, 99. Only in Ff.

99. *ornament* ; Dyce's correction of Ff 'ornaments.' The

book is distinguished as an 'ornament' from the two 'props.'
 125. *want*, lack.

Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of blind forgetfulness and dark oblivion.

Which to recure, we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land ;
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain ;
But as successively from blood to blood,
Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your grace.

130

140

Glou. I know not whether to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,

Best fitteth my degree or your condition :
If not to answer, you might haply think
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me ;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.

150

Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request.

First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As my ripe revenue and due by birth ;

127. *graft*, grafted.

succession.

128. *shoulder'd in*, thrust
violently into.144 - 153. These lines are
wanting in Qq.130. *recure*, redress.155. *Unmeritable*, undeserv-135. *successively*, in due ing.

Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
 So mighty and so many my defects,
 As I had rather hide me from my greatness,
 Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
 Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
 And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
 But, God be thanked, there's no need of me,
 And much I need to help you, if need were ;
 The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
 Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
 Will well become the seat of majesty,
 And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
 On him I lay what you would lay on me,
 The right and fortune of his happy stars ;
 Which God defend that I should wring from him !

160

170

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your
 grace ;

But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
 All circumstances well considered.

You say that Edward is your brother's son :
 So say we too, but not by Edward's wife ;
 For first he was contráct to Lady Lucy—
 Your mother lives a witness to that vow—
 And afterward by substitute betroth'd
 To Bona, sister to the King of France.

180

These both put by, a poor petitioner,
 A care-crazed mother of a many children,
 A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
 Even in the afternoon of her best days,
 Made prize and purchase of his lustful eye,
 Seduced the pitch and height of all his thoughts
 To base declension and loathed bigamy :

173. *defend*, forbid.

179. *contract*, betrothed.

175. *the respects thereof*, the
 scruples it suggests.

188. *pitch*, lofty flight ; in
 falconry a technical term for the
 highest point in the flight of a
 hawk.

175. *nice*, idly punctilious.

By her, in his unlawful bed, he got 190
 This Edward, whom our manners term the prince.
 More bitterly could I expostulate,
 Save that, for reverence to some alive,
 I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
 Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
 This proffer'd benefit of dignity ;
 If not to bless us and the land withal,
 Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
 From the corruption of abusing times,
 Unto a lineal true-derived course. 200

May. Do, good my lord, your citizens entreat
 you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cate. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful
 suit !

Glou. Alas, why would you heap these cares
 on me ?

I am unfit for state and majesty :
 I do beseech you, take it not amiss ;
 I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as, in love and zeal,
 Loath to depose the child, your brother's son ;
 As well we know your tenderness of heart 210
 And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
 Which we have noted in you to your kin,
 And egally indeed to all estates,—
 Yet whether you accept our suit or no,
 Your brother's son shall never reign our king ;
 But we will plant some other in the throne,
 To the disgrace and downfall of your house :
 And in this resolution here we leave you.—
 Come, citizens : 'zounds ! I'll entreat no more.

Glou. O, do not swear, my lord of Buckingham. 220
 [*Exit Buckingham with the Citizens.*]

211. *remorse*, tender consideration. 213. *egally*, equally.

King Richard the Third ACT III

Cate. Call them again, my lord, and accept their suit.

Another. Do, good my lord, lest all the land do rue it.

Glou. Would you enforce me to a world of care?

Well, call them again. I am not made of stones,
But penetrable to your kind entreats,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and you sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burthen, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load :
But if black scandal or foul-faced reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof ;
For God he knows, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire thereof.

230

May. God bless your grace ! we see it, and will say it.

Glou. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this kingly title :

Long live Richard, England's royal king !

240

May and Cit. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow will it please you to be crown'd ?

Glou. Even when you please, since you will have it so.

222. In Ff this line is continued to Catesby.

spearean in this sense.

224. *stones.* The plural as well as the singular is Shake-

225. *entreats*, entreaties. Ff substitute the more usual word.

well as the singular is Shake-

233. *acquittance*, acquit.

ACT IV King Richard the Third

Buck. To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace :

And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Glou. Come, let us to our holy task again.

Farewell, good cousin ; farewell, gentle friends.

[*Exeunt.* X

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before the Tower.*

Enter, on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF YORK, and MARQUESS OF DORSET ; on the other, ANNE, DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, leading LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S young Daughter.

Duch. Who meets us here ? my niece Plantagenet

Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloucester ?
Now, for my life, she's wandering to the Tower,
On pure heart's love to greet the tender princes.
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day !

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister ! Whither away ?

Anne. No farther than the Tower ; and, as I guess,

Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks : we'll enter all together.

1. *niece*, i.e. grand-daughter.

2-6. Not in Qq.

King Richard the Third

ACT IV

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.
Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam. By your
patience,

I may not suffer you to visit them ;
The king hath straitly charged the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king ! why, who's that ?

Brak. I cry you mercy : I mean the lord
protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly
title !

20

Hath he set bounds betwixt their love and me ?
I am their mother ; who should keep me from
them ?

Duch. I am their father's mother ; I will see
them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their
mother :

Then bring me to their sights ; I'll bear thy
blame

And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no ; I may not leave it so :
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[Exit.

Enter LORD STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour
hence,

And I'll salute your grace of York as mother, 30
And reverend looker on, of two fair queens.

[To Anne] Come, madam, you must straight to
Westminster,

15. *By your patience*, by your leave. 24. *in law*, i.e. by marriage.

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. O, cut my lace in sunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news!

Anne. Despiteful tidings! O unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer: mother, how fares your
grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee
hence!

Death and destruction dog thee at the heels; 40

Thy mother's name is ominous to children.

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,

And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell:

Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,

Lest thou increase the number of the dead;

And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,

Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel,
madam.

Take all the swift advantage of the hours;

You shall have letters from me to my son 50

To meet you on the way, and welcome you.

Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!

O my accursed womb, the bed of death!

A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,

Whose unavowed eye is murderous.

Stan. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was
sent.

Anne. And I in all unwillingness will go.

I would to God that the inclusive verge

34-36. This, the Folio, division
of the lines is probably right.
The Qq divide the lines at 'heart'
and 'swoon.'

43. *from*, out of.

47. *counted*, acknowledged.

50. *my son*, i.e. stepson, Rich-
mond, the son of Lady Mar-
garet, Stanley's second wife, by
her first husband, Henry Tudor,
Earl of Richmond.

52. *ta'en tardy*, found lagging.

Of golden metal that must round my brow
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain !
Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die, ere men can say, God save the queen !

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory ;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No ! why ? When he that is my husband
now

Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse,
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his
hands

Which issued from my other angel husband
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd ; 70
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish : ' Be thou,' quoth I, ' accursed,
For making me, so young, so old a widow !
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed ;
And be thy wife—if any be so mad—
As miserable by the life of thee
As thou hast made me by my dear lord's death !'
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Even in so short a space, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words 80
And proved the subject of my own soul's curse,
Which ever since hath kept my eyes from rest ;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Have I enjoy'd the golden dew of sleep,
But have been waked by his timorous dreams.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick ;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu ! I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than from my soul I mourn for
yours.

61. *Were red-hot steel.* This was an ancient method of punishing regicides.

Q. Eliz. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory ! 90

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that takest thy leave
of it !

Duch. [*To Dorset*] Go thou to Richmond, and
good fortune guide thee !

[*To Anne*] Go thou to Richard, and good angels
guard thee !

[*To Queen Eliz.*] Go thou to sanctuary, and good
thoughts possess thee !

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me !

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

Q. Eliz. Stay, yet look back with me unto the
Tower.

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes

Whom envy hath immured within your walls !

100

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones !

Rude ragged nurse, old sullen playfellow

For tender princes, use my babies well !

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *London. The palace.*

Sennet. Enter RICHARD, in pomp, crowned ;

BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart. Cousin of Buck-
ingham !

Buck. My gracious sovereign ?

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. [*Here he ascendeth
his throne.*] Thus high, by thy advice

And thy assistance, is King Richard seated :

But shall we wear these honours for a day ?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them ?

97. *teen*, grief.

102. *ragged*, rugged.

Buck. Still live they and for ever may they last !

K. Rich. O Buckingham, now do I play the touch,

To try if thou be current gold indeed :

Young Edward lives : think now what I would say. 10

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice renowned liege.

K. Rich. Ha ! am I king ? 'tis so : but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence :
That Edward still should live,—‘True, noble prince !’

Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull :

Shall I be plain ? I wish the bastards dead ;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What sayest thou ? speak suddenly ; be brief. 20

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezeth :

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die ?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause,
my lord,

Before I positively speak herein :

I will resolve your grace immediately. [Exit.

8. *touch*, touchstone.

15. *consequence*, conclusion of the sentence.

16. Ff and Qq print this line as a continuous sentence, and the Camb. edd. defend this, arguing that the ‘bitter consequence’ is in Edward’s still living a ‘true, noble prince.’

This gives a bare sense, but is much inferior in dramatic vivacity to that in the text. The punctuation is due to Professor Littledale.

23. *have I thy consent*, do you adopt my proposal.

26. *resolve*, answer.

sc. II King Richard the Third

Cate. [*Aside to a stander by*] The king is angry :
see, he bites the lip.

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools
And unrespective boys : none are for me
That look into me with considerate eyes :
High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.
Boy !

Page. My lord ?

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any whom corrupt-
ing gold
Would tempt unto a close exploit of death ?

Page. My lord, I know a discontented gentle-
man,
Whose humble means match not his haughty
mind :

Gold were as good as twenty orators,
And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name ?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel. 40

K. Rich. I partly know the man : go, call him
hither. [*Exit Page.*

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham
No more shall be the neighbour to my counsel :
Hath he so long held out with me untired,
And stops he now for breath ?

Enter STANLEY.

How now ! what news with you ?

Stan. My lord, I hear the Marquis Dorset's
fled

To Richmond, in those parts beyond the sea
Where he abides. [*Stands apart.*

K. Rich. Catesby !

28. *iron-witted*, 'wooden-headed.'
29. *unrespective*, unreflecting,
30. *considerate*, calculating.
42. *witty*, ingenious.

King Richard the Third

ACT IV

Cate. My lord?

50

K. Rich. Rumour it abroad

That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick :

I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,

Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter :

The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.

Look, how thou dream'st ! I say again, give out

That Anne my wife is sick and like to die :

About it ; for it stands me much upon,

To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me. 60

[*Exit Catesby.*

I must be married to my brother's daughter,

Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.

Murder her brothers, and then marry her !

Uncertain way of gain ! But I am in

So far in blood that sin will pluck on sin :

Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious sovereign.

K. Rich. Darest thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

70

Tyr. Ay, my lord ;

But I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, there thou hast it : two deep enemies,

Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers

52. So Ff. In Qq the line is identical with 58. The Folio version is both more effective and likely rather to have been rejected, than introduced, by an editor.
59. *stands me much upon*, is incumbent upon me.

Are they that I would have thee deal upon :
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come
hither, Tyrrel :

Go, by this token : rise, and lend thine ear : 80
[*Whispers.*

There is no more but so : say it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee too.

Tyr. 'Tis done, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Shall we hear from thee, Tyrrel, ere
we sleep ?

Tyr. Ye shall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that pass. Dorset is fled to
Richmond.

Buck. I hear that news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son : well,
look to it. 90

Buck. My lord, I claim your gift, my due by
promise,

For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd ;
The earldom of Hereford and the moveables
The which you promised I should possess.

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife : if she
convey

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just
demand ?

K. Rich. As I remember, Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,

75. *deal upon*, deal with.

King Richard the Third ACT IV

When Richmond was a little peevish boy. 100

A king, perhaps, perhaps,—

Buck. My lord!

K. Rich. How chance the prophet could not at that time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond! When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rougemont: at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond. 110

Buck. My lord!

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promised me.

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st
the stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will
or no. 120

K. Rich. Tut, tut,

Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt all but Buckingham.*]

102-119. *My lord . . . to-day.*
This effective passage is omitted
in Ff.

108. *Rougemont.* The Qq
give the name as *Ruge-mount*,
which corresponds more closely
to its form in Holinshed ('*Ruge-*
mont').

117. *a Jack*, the automatic
figure which in many old clocks
struck the hour with a hammer
upon the bell.

117. *keep'st the stroke*, keepest
on striking.

120. *whether*; pronounced
'where.'

Buck. Is it even so? rewards he my true service
With such deep contempt? made I him king for
this?

O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same.*

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody deed is done,
The most arch act of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,
Although they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and kind compassion
Wept like two children in their deaths' sad stories.
'Lo, thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay those tender
babes:'

'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another 10
Within their innocent alabaster arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my
mind;

But O! the devil'—there the villain stopp'd;
Whilst Dighton thus told on: 'We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That from the prime creation e'er she framed.'
Thus both are gone with conscience and remorse; 20

126. *Brecknock*; where Buckingham had a manor.

arch, consummate.

6. *flesh'd*, inured to bloodshed.

18. *replenished*, perfect.

King Richard the Third ACT IV

They could not speak ; and so I left them both,
To bring this tidings to the bloody king.
And here he comes.

Enter KING RICHARD.

All hail, my sovereign liege !

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news ?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in
charge

Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done, my lord.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead ?

Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel ?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried
them ;

But how or in what place I do not know. 30

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after
supper,

And thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell till soon. [*Exit Tyrrel.*]

The son of Clarence have I pent up close ;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage ;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good
night.

Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims 40
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly o'er the crown,
To her I go, a jolly thriving wooer.

31. *soon at after supper*, after tainer.
supper to-night.

32. *process*, story.

34. *inheritor*, possessor, ob-

40. *the Breton Richmond* ;
from his having taken refuge in
Brittany.

Enter CATESBY.

Cate. My lord !

K. Rich. Good news or bad, that thou comest
in so bluntly ?

Cate. Bad news, my lord : Ely is fled to Richmond ;

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,

Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more
near

Than Buckingham and his rash-levied army.

Come, I have heard that fearful commenting

Is leaden servitor to dull delay ;

Delay leads impotent and snail-paced beggary :

Then fiery expedition be my wing,

Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king !

Come, muster men : my counsel is my shield ;

We must be brief when traitors brave the field.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Before the palace.*

Enter QUEEN MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to mellow
And drop into the rotten mouth of death.

Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd,

To watch the waning of mine adversaries.

A dire induction am I witness to,

And will to France, hoping the consequence

43. *Enter Catesby.* Ff have conduces to fatal delay.

'Enter Ratcliff.'

5. *induction*, preparation,

prelude.

51. *fearful commenting*,

anxious discussion (of dangers)

6. *consequence*, sequel.

Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.

Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret: who comes here?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH and the DUCHESS OF YORK. *Let so wrong in losing*
Pifficult

Q. Eliz. Ah, my young princes! ah, my tender babes!

My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets!

If yet your gentle souls fly in the air

And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,

Hover about me with your airy wings

And hear your mother's lamentation!

Q. Mar. Hover about her; say, that right for right

Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have crazed my voice,
That my woe-wearied tongue is mute and dumb,
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet.
Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

20

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,

And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?

When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my sweet son.

Duch. Blind sight, dead life, poor mortal living ghost,

Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,

Brief abstract and record of tedious days,

15. *right for right*, just retri- (of death) which naturally
bution, 'measure for measure.' attends (not on infancy but) on

16. *aged night*, i.e. the night old age.

Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

[*Sitting down.*

Unlawfully made drunk with innocents' blood!

30

Q. Eliz. O, that thou wouldst as well afford a
grave

As thou canst yield a melancholy seat!

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.

O, who hath any cause to mourn but I?

[*Sitting down by her.*

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverend,

Give mine the benefit of seniory,

And let my woes frown on the upper hand.

If sorrow can admit society,

[*Sitting down with them.*

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:

I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;

40

I had a Harry, till a Richard kill'd him:

Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;

Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill
him;

I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and
Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept

A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death:

That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,

To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood,

50

That foul defacer of God's handiwork,

That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,

That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,

Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.

36. *seniory*, seniority.

41. *Harry*. Here Qq have,
by an oversight, 'Richard,'
poorly corrected in Ff to 'hus-

band.' Capell proposed 'Henry,'
and Camb. edd. 'Harry.'

49. Richard was reported to
have been born with teeth.

O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan !

Duch. O Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes !
God witness with me, I have wept for thine. 60

Q. Mar. Bear with me ; I am hungry for re-
venge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward ;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward ;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss :
Thy Clarence he is dead that kill'd my Edward ;
And the beholders of this tragic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves. 70
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
Only reserved their factor, to buy souls
And send them thither : but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end :
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd away.
Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live to say, The dog is dead !

Q. Eliz. O, thou didst prophesy the time would
come
That I should wish for thee to help me curse 80
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad !

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my
fortune ;

56. *carnal*, flesh-consuming,
bloodthirsty.

58. *pew-fellow*, comrade.

65. *boot*, i.e. 'thrown in' to
make the balance even.

69. *adulterate*, adulterous.

71. *intelligencer*, informer.

72. *their*, i.e. hell's ; hell
being regarded as a community
of evil spirits, interested in the
due supply of souls.

I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen ;
 The presentation of but what I was ;
 The flattering index of a direful pageant ;
 One heaved a-high, to be hurl'd down below ;
 A mother only mock'd with two sweet babes ;
 A dream of what thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
 A sign of dignity, a garish flag,
 To be the aim of every dangerous shot ; 90
 A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
 Where is thy husband now ? where be thy brothers ?
 Where are thy children ? wherein dost thou joy ?
 Who sues to thee and cries ' God save the queen ' ?
 Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee ?
 Where be the thronging troops that follow'd thee ?
 Decline all this, and see what now thou art :
 For happy wife, a most distressed widow ;
 For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;
 For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care ; 100
 For one being sued to, one that humbly sues ;
 For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me ;
 For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one ;
 For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
 Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time ;
 Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow ? 110
 Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd
 yoke ;

85. *The flattering index*, etc. ; the image is taken from some kind of prefatory indication of the subject of a pageant ; either a ' brief account of the order in which the characters were to walk ' (Steevens), or a ' painted

emblem carried before it ' (Nares).

97. *Decline all this*, go through all these questions in succession.

100. *caitiff*, wretch.

111. *burthen'd*, burdensome.

From which even here I slip my weary neck,
And leave the burthen of it all on thee.
Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mis-
chance :

These English woes will make me smile in France.

Q. Eliz. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay awhile,
And teach me how to curse mine enemies !

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the nights, and fast
the days ;

Compare dead happiness with living woe ;
Think that thy babes were fairer than they were, 120
And he that slew them fouler than he is :
Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse :
Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Q. Eliz. My words are dull ; O, quicken them
with thine !

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and
pierce like mine. [Exit.

Duch. Why should calamity be full of words ?

Q. Eliz. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
Airy succeders of intestate joys,
Poor breathing orators of miseries !
Let them have scope : though what they do impart 130
Help not at all, yet do they ease the heart.

Duch. If so, then be not tongue-tied : go with
me,

And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, which thy two sweet sons
smother'd.

I hear his drum : be copious in exclaims.

Enter KING RICHARD, *marching, with drums
and trumpets.*

K. Rich. Who intercepts my expedition ?

122. *Bettering*, heightening. ceeding to. The 'words' fill the
128. *succeders of*, heirs suc- void left by the joys that have fled.

Duch. O, she that might have intercepted thee,
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast
done!

Q. Eliz. Hidest thou that forehead with a golden
crown,

140

Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the prince that owed that crown,
And the dire death of my two sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?

Duch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy
brother Clarence?

And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Q. Eliz. Where is kind Hastings, Rivers,
Vaughan, Grey?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum,
drums!

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women

Rail on the Lord's anointed: strike, I say!

150

[*Flourish. Alarums.*]

Either be patient, and entreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and
yourself.

Duch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your con-
dition,

Which cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duch. O, let me speak!

K. Rich. Do then; but I'll not hear.

Duch. I will be mild and gentle in my speech. 160

141. *branded*, so Ff; 'graven'
Qq.

142. *owed*, owned.

151. *entreat*, treat, use.

157. *a touch*, a dash.

ib. *condition*, disposition.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother ; for I am in haste.

Duch. Art thou so hasty ? I have stay'd for thee,
God knows, in anguish, pain and agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you ?

Duch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,

Thou camest on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burthen was thy birth to me ;

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy ;

Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious,

Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous,

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, bloody, treacherous,

More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred :

What comfortable hour canst thou name,

That ever graced me in thy company ?

K. Rich. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your grace

To breakfast once forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your sight,

Let me march on, and not offend your grace.

Strike up the drum.

Duch. I prithee, hear me speak.

171. *Thy age confirm'd*, thy riper years.

172. *kind in hatred*, kind only.

175. *Humphrey Hour*. No satisfactory explanation of this has been given. Steevens thought that Shakespeare might 'have designed to mark the hour at which the good Duchess was

as hungry as the followers of Duke Humphrey.'

176. *forth of*, out of.

177. *disgracious*, void of grace.

179-182. Compressed in Qq thus :—

Du. O hear me speak, for I shall never see thee more.

King. Come, come, you are too bitter.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word ; 180

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou wilt die, by God's just ordinance,

Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,

Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish

And never look upon thy face again.

Therefore take with thee my most heavy curse ;

Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more

Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st !

My prayers on the adverse party fight ; 190

And there the little souls of Edward's children

Whisper the spirits of thine enemies

And promise them success and victory.

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end ;

Shame serves thy life and doth thy death attend.

[*Exit.*

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse

Abides in me ; I say amen to all.

K. Rich. Stay, madam ; I must speak a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood

For thee to murder : for my daughters, Richard, 200

They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens ;

And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth, Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this ? O, let her live,

And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty ;

Slander myself as false to Edward's bed ;

Throw over her the veil of infamy :

So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

210

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is only safest in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo, at their births good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny :

My babes were destined to a fairer death,

If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

220

K. Rich. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed ; and by their uncle cozen'd

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.

Whose hand soever lanced their tender hearts,

Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction :

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,

To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,

My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys

230

Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes ;

And I, in such a desperate bay of death,

Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,

Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise

217. *unavoided*, inevitable.

229. *still*, continual.

And dangerous success of bloody wars,
 As I intend more good to you and yours
 Than ever you or yours were by me wrong'd!

Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of
 heaven,
 To be discover'd, that can do me good? 240

K. Rich. The advancement of your children,
 gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose
 their heads?

K. Rich. No, to the dignity and height of
 honour,
 The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrows with report of it;
 Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
 Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; yea, and myself
 and all,
 Will I withal endow a child of thine;
 So in the Lethe of thy angry soul 250
 Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
 Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy
 kindness
 Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love
 thy daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it with
 her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter from
 thy soul:

236. *dangerous success*, doubtful issue.

244. *type*, symbol.

247. *demise*, bequeath.

249. *withal endow a child*,
 endow a child . . . with.

253. *process*, expression.

So from thy soul's love didst thou love her
brothers ;
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it. 260

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my
meaning :

I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And mean to make her queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Say then, who dost thou mean shall
be her king ?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen : who
should be else ?

Q. Eliz. What, thou ?

K. Rich. I, even I : what think you of it,
madam ?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her ?

K. Rich. That would I learn of you,
As one that are best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me ?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart. 270

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew
her brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts ; thereon engrave
Edward and York ; then haply she will weep :
Therefore present to her,—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood,—
A handkerchief ; which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' body.
And bid her dry her weeping eyes therewith.
If this inducement force her not to love,
Send her a story of thy noble acts ; 280
Tell her thou madest away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers ; yea, and, for her sake,
Madest quick conveyance with her good aunt
Anne.

K. Rich. Come, come, you mock me ; this is
not the way

To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way ;

Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say that I did all this for love of her.

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed she cannot choose
but hate thee,

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil. 290

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now
amended :

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase, I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter :
A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother ; 300
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood ;
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endured of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can. 310
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity :
The king, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,

292. *shall deal*, inevitably act.

304. *of*, by.

304. *bid*, endured.

Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother ;
 Again shall you be mother to a king,
 And all the ruins of distressful times
 Repair'd with double riches of content.
 What ! we have many goodly days to see : 320
 The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
 Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl,
 Advantaging their loan with interest
 Of ten times double gain of happiness.
 Go, then, my mother, to thy daughter go ;
 Make bold her bashful years with your experience ;
 Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale ;
 Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
 Of golden sovereignty ; acquaint the princess
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys : 330
 And when this arm of mine hath chastised
 The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed ;
 To whom I will retail my conquest won,
 And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say ? her father's
 brother

Would be her lord ? or shall I say, her uncle ?
 Or, he that slew her brothers and her uncles ?
 Under what title shall I woo for thee, 340
 That God, the law, my honour and her love,
 Can make seem pleasing to her tender years ?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this
 alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still
 lasting war.

323. *Advantaging*, increasing.

323. *loan*. Theobald's emendation for Ff 'love.'

324. *Often times* ; Theobald's emendation for *oftentimes* Ff.

343. *Infer*, etc., allege that England's peace depends upon.

K. Rich. Say that the king, which may command, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands which the king's King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title 'ever' last?

350

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. So long as heaven and nature lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. So long as hell and Richard likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject love.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

Q. Eliz. Plain and not honest is too harsh a style.

360

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their grave.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and
my crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profaned, dishonour'd, and the third
usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear—

Q. Eliz. By nothing ; for this is no oath :
The George, profaned, hath lost his holy honour ;
The garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue ; 370
The crown, usurp'd, disgraced his kingly glory.
If something thou wilt swear to be believed,
Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now, by the world—

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death—

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myself—

Q. Eliz. Thyself thyself misusest.

K. Rich. Why then, by God—

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
The unity the king thy brother made
Had not been broken, nor my brother slain : 380
If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
The imperial metal, circling now thy brow,
Had graced the tender temples of my child,
And both the princes had been breathing here,
Which now, two tender playfellows for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a prey for worms.
What canst thou swear by now ?

K. Rich. The time to come.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time
o'erpast ;

366. *my George*, the figure of St. George as a part of the insignia of the Garter. It was, however, first added to the insignia by Henry VII. L.
385. *two*. Dyce's reading 'too' is attractive, but not clearly right.

For I myself have many tears to wash
 Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee. 390
 The children live, whose parents thou hast
 slaughter'd,
 Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age ;
 The parents live, whose children thou hast
 butcher'd,
 Old wither'd plants, to wail it with their age.
 Swear not by time to come ; for that thou hast
 Misused ere used, by time misused o'erpast.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
 So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
 Of hostile arms ! myself myself confound !
 Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours ! 400
 Day, yield me not thy light ; nor, night, thy rest !
 Be opposite all planets of good luck
 To my proceedings, if, with pure heart's love,
 Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
 I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter !
 In her consists my happiness and thine ;
 Without her, follows to this land and me,
 To thee, herself, and many a Christian soul,
 Death, desolation, ruin and decay :
 It cannot be avoided but by this ; 410
 It will not be avoided but by this.
 Therefore, good mother,—I must call you so—
 Be the attorney of my love to her :
 Plead what I will be, not what I have been ;
 Not my deserts, but what I will deserve :
 Urge the necessity and state of times,
 And be not peevish-fond in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus ?

396. *by time misused o'erpast,*
 by the misuse of the time that is
 past.

402. *opposite,* hostile.

405. *tender,* am attached
 to.

417. *peevish-fond,* perversely
 foolish.

King Richard the Third ACT IV

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good.

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself to be myself? 420

K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them :

Where in that nest of spicery they shall breed
Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go. Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss ; and so,
farewell. [Exit Queen Elizabeth. 430]

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman !

Enter RATCLIFF ; CATESBY following.

How now ! what news ?

Rat. My gracious sovereign, on the western coast
Rideth a puissant navy ; to the shore
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolved to beat them back :
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral ;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the
Duke of Norfolk : 440

Ratcliff, thyself, or Catesby ; where is he ?

Cate. Here, my lord.

K. Rich. Fly to the duke : [To Ratcliff] Post
thou to Salisbury :

424, 425. An allusion to the Phoenix, which, according to one widely diffused legend, died on a pyre of spices, and was then bred anew from the ashes of its old body.

438. *hull*, float, lie to.

sc. iv King Richard the Third

When thou comest thither,—[*To Catesby*] Dull,
unmindful villain,

Why stand'st thou still, and go'st not to the duke?

Cate. First, mighty sovereign, let me know your
mind,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O, true, good Catesby: bid him levy
straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,

And meet me presently at Salisbury. 450

Cate. I go. [*Exit.*]

Rat. What is 't your highness' pleasure I shall do
At Salisbury?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there
before I go?

Rat. Your highness told me I should post
before.

K. Rich. My mind is changed, sir, my mind
is changed.

Enter LORD STANLEY.

How now, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my lord, to please you with
the hearing;

Nor none so bad, but it may well be told.

K. Rich. Hoyday, a riddle! neither good nor
bad! 460

Why dost thou run so many mile about,

When thou mayst tell thy tale a nearer way?

Once more, what news?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas
on him!

White-liver'd runagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

460. *Hoyday*, heyday.

465. *White-liver'd*, cowardly.

K. Rich. Well, sir, as you guess, as you guess?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and
Ely,

He makes for England, there to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty? is the sword un-
sway'd?

470

Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?

What heir of York is there alive but we?

And who is England's king but great York's heir?

Then, tell me, what doth he upon the sea?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your
liege,

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.

Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty liege; therefore mistrust me
not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power, then, to beat
him back?

480

Where are thy tenants and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore,

Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in
the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to Richard: what do
they in the north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the
west?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty
sovereign:

Please it your majesty to give me leave,

I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace

Where and what time your majesty shall please.

490

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join
with Richmond:

I will not trust you, sir.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful :
I never was nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Well,
Go muster men ; but, hear you, leave behind
Your son, George Stanley : look your faith be
firm,
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him as I prove true to you.
[*Exit.*]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devon-
shire,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate
Bishop of Exeter, his brother there,
With many moe confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

Sec. Mess. My liege, in Kent the Guildfords are
in arms ;
And every hour more competitors
Flock to their aid, and still their power increaseth.

Enter another Messenger.

Third Mess. My lord, the army of the Duke of Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on you, owls ! nothing but songs
of death ? *[He striketh him.*

Take that, until thou bring me better news.
Third Mess. The news I have to tell your
 majesty

Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispersed and scatter'd ;

501. *advertised*, informed.

506. *competitors, confederates.*

And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. I cry thee mercy :
There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in ?

Third Mess. Such proclamation hath been made,
my liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Fourth Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord
Marquis Dorset, 520
'Tis said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms.
Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,
The Breton navy is dispersed by tempest :
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
If they were his assistants, yea or no ;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party : he, mistrusting them,
Hoised sail and made away for Brittany.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up
in arms ; 530
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Re-enter CATESBY.

Cate. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken ;
That is the best news : that the Earl of Richmond
Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder tidings, yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury ! while we
reason here,
A royal battle might be won and lost :

529. *Hoised*, hoisted.

537. *reason*, talk.

538. *A royal battle*, a battle
for the crown.

Some one take order Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury; the rest march on with me.

540

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Lord Derby's house.*

Enter DERBY *and* SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Der. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from
me :

That in the sty of this most bloody boar
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold :
If I revolt, off goes young George's head ;
The fear of that withholds my present aid.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now ?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in
Wales.

Der. What men of name resort to him ?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier ;
Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley ;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew ;
And many moe of noble fame and worth :
And towards London they do bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

10

Der. Return unto thy lord ; commend me to
him :

Tell him the queen hath heartily consented
He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
These letters will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell.

[*Exeunt.* 20]

Sc. 5. Christopher Urswick,
a priest in the service of the
Countess of Richmond, employed
by her in confidential communi-
cations with her son.

3. *frank'd up in hold*, styed
up in prison.

5. Between vv. 5 and 6 Ff
insert (substantially) vv. 16-18.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Salisbury. An open place.*

*Enter the Sheriff, and BUCKINGHAM, with
halberds, led to execution.*

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak with
him?

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Rivers,
Grey,

Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By underhand corrupted foul injustice,
If that your moody discontented souls
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
Even for revenge mock my destruction!
This is All-Souls' day, fellows, is it not?

10

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's
doomsday.

This is the day that, in King Edward's time,
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children or his wife's allies;
This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him I trusted most;
This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul
Is the determined respite of my wrongs:
That high All-Seer that I dallied with
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head

20

10. *All-Souls' day*, 2nd Nov. to my exemption from the im-
19. *the determined respite of* pending punishment of my
my wrongs, the appointed limit misdeeds.

And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
 Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
 To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms :
 Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon my head ;
 'When he,' quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with
 sorrow,
 Remember Margaret was a prophetess.'
 Come, sirs, convey me to the block of shame ;
 Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of
 blame. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The camp near Tamworth.*

Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, BLUNT, HERBERT,
and others, with drum and colours.

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving
 friends,
 Bruised underneath the yoke of tyranny,
 Thus far into the bowels of the land
 Have we march'd on without impediment ;
 And here receive we from our father Stanley
 Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
 The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
 That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
 Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his
 trough
 In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine
 Lies now even in the centre of this isle,
 Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn :
 From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
 In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
 To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
 By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand
 swords,

To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not but his friends will fly to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends but who are friends
for fear,

20

Which in his dearest need will shrink from him.

Richm. All for our vantage. Then, in God's
name, march :

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's
wings ;

Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Bosworth Field.*

Enter KING RICHARD *in arms, with* NORFOLK,
the EARL OF SURREY, *and others.*

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in
Bosworth field.

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad ?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my
looks.

K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk,—

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks ; ha !
must we not ?

Nor. We must both give and take, my gracious
lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent there ! here will I
lie to-night ;

But where to-morrow ? Well, all's one for that.

Who hath descried the number of the foe ?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost
power.

10

21. *dearest*, so Ff ; 'great-
est' Qq.

2. *My Lord of Surrey* ; so Ff.

In Qq Catesby is thus ad-
dressed, and replies in the next
line.

K. Rich. Why, our battalion trebles that account:
 Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,
 Which they upon the adverse party want.
 Up with my tent there! Valiant gentlemen,
 Let us survey the vantage of the field;
 Call for some men of sound direction:
 Let's want no discipline, make no delay;
 For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND,
 SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and others.
 Some of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's tent.*

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden
 set,
 And, by the bright track of his fiery car, 20
 Gives signal of a goodly day to-morrow.
 Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.
 Give me some ink and paper in my tent:
 I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
 Limit each leader to his several charge,
 And part in just proportion our small strength.
 My Lord of Oxford, you, Sir William Brandon,
 And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.
 The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment:
 Good Captain Blunt, bear my good-night to him, 30
 And by the second hour in the morning
 Desire the earl to see me in my tent:
 Yet one thing more, good Blunt, before thou
 go'st,
 Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, dost thou know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours
 much,
 Which well I am assured I have not done,

16. *of sound direction*, skilled
 in directing military movements.

23-28. Only in Ff.
 25. *several*, respective.

His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible,
Good captain Blunt, bear my good-night to
him,

And give him from me this most needful scroll. 40

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it ;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night !

Richm. Good night, good Captain Blunt. Come,
gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business :

In to our tent ; the air is raw and cold.

[They withdraw into the tent.]

*Enter, to his tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK,
RATCLIFF, CATESBY, and others.*

K. Rich. What is't o'clock ?

Cate. It's supper-time, my lord ;
It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.
Give me some ink and paper.

What, is my beaver easier than it was ?

And all my armour laid into my tent ? 50

Cate. It is, my liege ; and all things are in
readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge ;
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle
Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. *[Exit.]*

K. Rich. Catesby !

Cate. My lord ?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
To Stanley's regiment ; bid him bring his power 60
Before sunrising, lest his son George fall

Into the blind cave of eternal night.

[*Exit Catesby.*]

Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.

Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.

Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord
Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop 70
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. So, I am satisfied. Give me a bowl
of wine:

I have not that alacrity of spirit,

Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.

Set it down. Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch; leave me.
Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent
And help to arm me. Leave me, I say.

[*Exeunt Ratcliff and the other Attendants.*]

*Enter DERBY to RICHMOND in his tent, Lords
and others attending.*

Der. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can
afford

Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!

Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

65. *staves*, shafts (of the land took no part in the battle.
lances).

68. *the melancholy lord.* 70. *cock-shut time*, twilight,
Richard, though not without when woodcocks were caught
suspicions of Northumberland, in 'cock-shut' nets stretched
describes as 'melancholy' his across glades.

sullendisaffectation. Northumber- 81. *father-in-law*, i.e. step-
father.

Der. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
 Who prays continually for Richmond's good :
 So much for that. The silent hours steal on,
 And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
 In brief,—for so the season bids us be,—
 Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
 And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
 Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war. 90
 I, as I may—that which I would I cannot,—
 With best advantage will deceive the time,
 And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms :
 But on thy side I may not be too forward,
 Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
 Be executed in his father's sight.
 Farewell : the leisure and the fearful time
 Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love
 And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
 Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon : 100
 God give us leisure for these rites of love !
 Once more, adieu : be valiant, and speed well !

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment :

I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,

Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
 When I should mount with wings of victory :
 Once more, good night, kind lords and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt all but Richmond.*]

O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye ;

86. *flaky*, broken with flakes of light,—rifts through which the dawn appears.

90. *mortal-staring war*, 'war that looks big, or stares fatally on its victims.'

95. Shakespeare follows

Holinshed in imagining Stanley's son as a child. He had in reality entered Parliament three years before the present date.

97. *leisure*, the (brief) time at our command.

105. *peise*, weigh.

Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath, 110
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall
 The usurping helmets of our adversaries !
 Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
 That we may praise thee in the victory !
 To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes :
 Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still !

[*Sleeps.*

*Enter the Ghost of PRINCE EDWARD, son to
 HENRY the Sixth.*

Ghost. [To Richard] Let me sit heavy on thy
 soul to-morrow !
 Think, how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth
 At Tewksbury : despair, therefore, and die ! 120
[To Richmond] Be cheerful, Richmond ; for the
 wronged souls
 Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf :
 King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of HENRY the Sixth.

Ghost. [To Richard] When I was mortal, my
 anointed body
 By thee was punched full of deadly holes :
 Think on the Tower and me : despair, and die !
 Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die !
[To Richmond] Virtuous and holy, be thou con-
 queror !
 Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king,
 Doth comfort thee in thy sleep : live, and flourish ! 130

Enter the Ghost of CLARENCE.

Ghost. [To Richard] Let me sit heavy on thy
 soul to-morrow !

110. *bruising irons, battle maces.*

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
 Poor Clarence, by thy guile betrayed to death !
 To-morrow in the battle think on me,
 And fall thy edgeless sword : despair, and die !—
 [*To Richmond*] Thou offspring of the house of
 Lancaster,
 The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee :
 Good angels guard thy battle ! live, and flourish !

*Enter the Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and
 VAUGHAN.*

Ghost of R. [*To Richard*] Let me sit heavy on
 thy soul to-morrow,
 Rivers, that died at Pomfret ! despair, and die ! 140
Ghost of G. [*To Richard*] Think upon Grey,
 and let thy soul despair !
Ghost of V. [*To Richard*] Think upon
 Vaughan, and, with guilty fear,
 Let fall thy lance : despair, and die !
All. [*To Richmond*] Awake, and think our wrongs
 in Richard's bosom
 Will conquer him ! awake, and win the day !

Enter the Ghost of HASTINGS.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Bloody and guilty, guiltily
 awake,
 And in a bloody battle end thy days !
 Think on Lord Hastings : despair, and die !
 [*To Richmond*] Quiet untroubled soul, awake,
 awake !
 Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake ! 150

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. [*To Richard*] Dream on thy cousins
 smother'd in the Tower :

135. *fall, drop.*

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
 And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death !
 Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die !
 [*To Richmond*] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace,
 and wake in joy ;
 Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy !
 Live, and beget a happy race of kings !
 Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of LADY ANNE.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] Richard, thy wife, that
 wretched Anne thy wife,
 That never slept a quiet hour with thee, 160
 Now fills thy sleep with perturbations :
 To-morrow in the battle think on me,
 And fall thy edgeless sword : despair, and die !
 [*To Richmond*] Thou quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet
 sleep ;
 Dream of success and happy victory !
 Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of BUCKINGHAM.

Ghost. [*To Richard*] The first was I that help'd
 thee to the crown ;
 The last was I that felt thy tyranny :
 O, in the battle think on Buckingham,
 And die in terror of thy guiltiness ! 170
 Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death :
 Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath !
 [*To Richmond*] I died for hope ere I could lend
 thee aid :
 But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd :

173. *for hope*, lit. 'in regard to hope.' I was cut off by death from the hope (of helping you). The phrase is nearly equivalent to 'I died in (not of) despair.'

King Richard the Third

ACT V

God and good angels fight on Richmond's side ;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish. King Richard starts
out of his dream.*]

K. Rich. Give me another horse : bind up my
wounds.

Have mercy, Jesu !—Soft ! I did but dream.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me !
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight. 180
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear ? myself ? there's none else by :
Richard loves Richard ; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here ? No. Yes, I am :
Then fly. What, from myself ? Great reason
why :

Lest I revenge. What, myself upon myself ?
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore ? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself ?
O, no ! alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself ! 190
I am a villain : yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well : fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree ;
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree ;
All several sins, all used in each degree,
Throng to the bar, crying all, Guilty ! guilty !
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me ; 200
And if I die, no soul shall pity me :
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself ?
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent ; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord !

K. Rich. 'Zounds ! who is there ?

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord ; 'tis I. The early village-cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn ; 210

Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream !

What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true ?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

K. Rich. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me ; 220
Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To see if any mean to shrink from me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to RICHMOND, sitting in his tent.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond !

Richm. Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord ?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams

That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,

Have I since your departure had, my lords.

Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard
murder'd, 230

219. *in proof*, in tested armour.

Came to my tent, and cried on victory :
I promise you, my soul is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm and give
direction.

His oration to his soldiers.

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell upon : yet remember this,
God and our good cause fight upon our side ; 240
The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces ;
Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win than him they follow :
For what is he they follow ? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant and a homicide ;
One raised in blood, and one in blood establish'd ;
One that made means to come by what he hath,
And slaughter'd those that were the means to help
him ;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil 250
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set ;
One that hath ever been God's enemy :
Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will in justice ward you as his soldiers ;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain ;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire ;
If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors ; 260

231. *cried on*, exclaimed.

238. *leisure*, cf. v. 97.

254. *ward*, guard.

If you do free your children from the sword,
 Your children's children quit it in your age.
 Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
 Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face ;
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 Sound drums and trumpets boldly and cheerfully ;
 God and Saint George ! Richmond and victory ! 270
[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, *Attendants and Forces.*

K. Rich. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond ?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth : and what said Surrey then ?

Rat. He smiled and said ' The better for our purpose.'

K. Rich. He was in the right ; and so indeed it is. [*Clock striketh.*

Tell the clock there. Give me a calendar.

Who saw the sun to-day ?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine ; for by the book

He should have braved the east an hour ago :

A black day will it be to somebody. 280

Ratcliff !

Rat. My lord ?

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day ;
 The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
 I would these dewy tears were from the ground.

279. *braved*, made brave, arrayed in splendour.

Not shine to-day ! Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond ? for the selfsame heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord ; the foe vaunts in the
field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle ; caparison my
horse.

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power : 290

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,

And thus my battle shall be ordered :

My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,

Consisting equally of horse and foot ;

Our archers shall be placed in the midst :

John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,

Shall have the leading of this foot and horse.

They thus directed, we will follow

In the main battle, whose puissance on either side

Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse. 300

This, and Saint George to boot ! What think'st
thou, Norfolk ?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.

This found I on my tent this morning.

[He sheweth him a paper.]

K. Rich. *[Reads]* 'Jockey of Norfolk, be not
too bold,

For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.'

A thing devised by the enemy.

Go, gentlemen, every man unto his charge :

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls :

Conscience is but a word that cowards use, ✱

Devised at first to keep the strong in awe : 310

Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.

293. *foreward*, vanguard.

301. *to boot*, to help.

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;
If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.

His oration to his Army.

What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withal;
A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
A scum of Bretons, and base lackey peasants,
Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
To desperate ventures and assured destruction.
You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest; 320
You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
They would restrain the one, distain the other.
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?
A milk-sop, one that never in his life
Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?
Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;
Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;
Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit, 330
For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves:

If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
And not these bastard Bretons; whom our fathers
Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and
thump'd,

And in record, left them the heirs of shame.
Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives? X
Ravish our daughters? [*Drum afar off.*] Hark!
I hear their drum.

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!
Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood; 340
Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

314. *inferr'd*, declared.

322. *restrain*, withhold.

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head!

Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh :
After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within
my bosom :

Advance our standards, set upon our foes ;
Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons !
Upon them ! Victory sits on our helms.

350

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

*Alarum : excursions. Enter NORFOLK and
forces fighting ; to him CATESBY.*

Cate. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk, rescue,
rescue !

The king enacts more wonders than a man,
Daring an opposite to every danger :
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost !

Alarums. Enter KING RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for
a horse !

Cate. Withdraw, my lord ; I'll help you to a
horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a cast,

2. *enacts*, performs.

venturously opposing himself

3. *Daring an opposite to*, ad- to.

And I will stand the hazard of the die : 10
 I think there be six Richmonds in the field ;
 Five have I slain to-day instead of him.
 A horse ! a horse ! my kingdom for a horse !
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

Alarum. Enter RICHARD and RICHMOND ; they fight. RICHARD is slain. Retreat and flourish. Re-enter RICHMOND, DERBY bearing the crown, with divers other Lords.

Richm. God and your arms be praised, victorious friends ;

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Der. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.

Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty
 From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
 Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal :
 Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say Amen to all !
 But, tell me, is young George Stanley living ?

Der. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town ; 10

Whither, if it please you, we may now withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side ?

Der. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,

Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births :

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled
 That in submission will return to us :

King Richard the Third

ACT V

And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white rose and the red :
Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction, 20
That long have frown'd upon their enmity !
What traitor hears me, and says not amen ?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself ;
The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire :
All this divided York and Lancaster,
Divided in their dire division,
O, now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeeders of each royal house, 30
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !
And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,
Enrich the time to come with smooth-faced peace,
With smiling plenty and fair prosperous days !
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of
blood !
Let them not live to taste this land's increase
That would with treason wound this fair land's
peace !
Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives again : 40
That she may long live here, God say amen !
[Exeunt.]

END OF VOL. V

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